

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

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*Author of "A Dateless Bargain," etc.*

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"LANCE, I'll undertake never to do it again. No—not if I live to be a hundred."

It was Sir Peter's first day downstairs. He was getting a breath of fresh air and "a little exercise," by walking up and down the big inner hall of the house; every one of whose long Gothic windows stood wide open.

Lance, on his way through the hall, had stopped to congratulate the old gentleman on his release from the sick-room.

"No, I dare say you won't do it again—catch the measles I suppose you mean. It would be rather difficult to have them a third time, wouldn't it?" he said, in response to Sir Peter's energetic assertion.

"No, no, no! That goes without saying. I mean get out of bed again in the middle of the night to walk off the cramp. I say, Lance!" this was added in a tone that signalled an interesting communication at hand.

"Yes, what is it?" answered Lance.

Sir Peter walked on tip-toes to the door, looking right and left, came back again and peered out of one of the windows.

"Down at the farm," said Lance, answering the action as well as the look on the old gentleman's face, which said plainly as words could, "Where is she?"

Sir Peter drew a breath of relief.

"Broughton has ordered me away—to 'complete the cure,' he says, and—and— and Lady Judith insists on carrying me off into Devonshire on a visit to some of her people!"

"Oh, well, if she insists, there's no more to be said. Submit, and be carried off."

"But—but I don't intend to be carried off, and, what's more, I won't be carried off. No, I won't—I won't," said Sir Peter irritably, working himself into what Lance was generally pleased to call a "pucker."

"Well, then, I should say you won't, and stick to it if I were you."

"Yes, yes, of course, exactly. That's what I intend to do," said the old gentleman with dignity, as if it were his invariable custom to treat Lady Judith's behests with out-spoken resistance. "And I was thinking, Lance, that a little trip to town with you—say for a week, or ten days—would be far more likely to do me good than a dreary fortnight in the wilds of Devon."

"Town in August! Heugh!"

Sir Peter read his own wishes into that shudder. "Well, of course it would be a little hard on you to ask you to lose a week, or ten days, of Madge's society," he began slyly.

But Lance interrupted him. "Get that notion out of your head at once and for ever, Uncle Peter," he said peremptorily. "I've told you a dozen times over that Madge hasn't the faintest liking for me, and I don't intend to worry her any more on the matter." He broke off for a moment to give time for the sly look to die on Sir Peter's face. Not a bit of it, it remained as steadily fixed on his happy, infantine features as if it had been stereotyped there. "Talk away, my boy," it seemed to say. "But, for all that, I know what I know."

Lance grew more and more exasperated. "Look here, Uncle Peter, listen to reason," he began. Then he checked himself. As well talk logic to the eight-and-twenty Critchetts who smiled down on them from the walls as to Uncle Peter with that wise

look peeping from under his eyelids, and that sugary, benignant smile curving the corners of his mouth. Besides, a sudden idea had at that moment occurred to him. A few days in town alone with Uncle Peter would suit very well a plan that was hatching in his brain.

The notion that he was "an unlucky beggar," because he had never had the chance of a career in life offered him, had not died so soon as he had given utterance to it to Madge. On the contrary, it had been slowly gathering strength. What he had said to Madge he was in effect repeating to himself in one form or another all day long: "Suppose I were to offend Uncle Peter utterly, irretrievably, and he were to cut me off with a shilling, how on earth should I get my bread and butter?" It would be a splendid idea to get Sir Peter all to himself for a day or two, and have a little serious talk with him on one or two matters.

So he mastered his inclination to combat Uncle Peter's wise look and sugary smile, and instead said, a little condescendingly, perhaps, "Make it three days in town, and possibly I may be able to manage it."

Sir Peter rubbed his hands gleefully. "I felt sure you would when you thought it over! You see at the longest we can't be away very long. My birthday, as you know, will be on the twenty-first. Well, I must be home at least a week before that to see that everything is going on all right—people want so much looking after—do you remember last year that tent suddenly giving way at one corner?—that was the only one I hadn't given an eye to while they were driving the pegs in. It's wonderful to me, truly wonderful that—"

"Let's get back to ways and means," interrupted Lance, striding after Sir Peter, who was just completing his thirtieth measurement of the long room, and now stood in the doorway. "Look here, Uncle Peter, let's have a trot together, and arrange affairs while we take our exercise. Now, then! what if Aunt Judy insists on accompanying us?"

But the mere suggestion of such a possibility brought Sir Peter to a standstill at once.

"Not to be thought of for a moment," he said with a fine air of decision. "She would have to be reasoned with. You might do it, Lance—you have great influence, very great influence, I may say, with her. You might explain to her that—that she couldn't very well be away

from Upton just now with so much to arrange for—for the ball on my birthday; that Madge would be lost without her; that her farm just at this time of year requires—"

"I have it!" interrupted Lance. "The farm's the thing! You write to that man in town who keeps her supplied with farm implements, and tell him to send down the latest sweet thing in incubators or butter-workers. And then tell that other man at Carstairs to send over a dozen or two of Houdans and Crève-cœurs, and what's that other leggy sort—Brahmas? That'll do it. The poultry will have to be dieted, and the machines will have to be tested. We're all right now, Uncle Peter!"

Lance's suggestions, with modifications, were adopted. Lady Judith's eyes were gladdened one morning by the arrival of a small van-load of farming implements, and before the glow of pleasure caused by their unexpected appearance had time to subside, Lance and Sir Peter had packed their portmanteaux and departed.

"So thoughtful of Lance—Sir Peter tells me it was entirely his idea," said Lady Judith to Madge as she carried her off to the farm to inspect the new purchases. "But there, he is a good fellow at heart—I've always said so—in spite of his heedlessness and want of respect for his elders!"

Madge was disposed to hail this trip of Sir Peter's as arranged by a special interposition of Providence. She had crept out of her hiding-place in the churchyard, and had made her way home through the twilight shadows with but one thought in her mind—that Miss Shore's visit at the Castle must be brought to an end with as little delay as possible. The absence from home of Sir Peter and Lance seemed to render this idea comparatively easy of accomplishment. She would take matters into her own hands as soon as they were gone, tell the young lady that she had altered her mind as to the decoration of her boudoir, pay her handsomely for what pictures she had already done, and speed her heartily on her journey to "the North," whether it were to the region of the Arctic Pole or merely to that of North Britain.

Lance would come home and find that the mysterious guest had departed. "Out of sight out of mind," Madge reasoned hopefully with herself. No love-making so far as she knew had passed between the two, although a very fair prelude to love-making appeared to have been

sounded. She stifled the angry jealousy which threatened to rise up in her heart with the thought that the occasion was not worth it. Once let this mysterious and attractive young woman disappear from the scene, and Lance would return to his former allegiance to herself, and things no doubt, by the help of Sir Peter, would be happily arranged between them.

She had come to the conclusion that, until Sir Peter's return, she would not hand to him the Australian letter. Among Sir Peter's numerous child-like propensities was that of proclaiming aloud in the market-place every secret whispered into his ear. He might promise her a thousand times over that Lance should know nothing of this newly-found heir until matters were satisfactorily arranged, and the Cohen wealth as good as handed over to his keeping; but once give Sir Peter up to Lance's sole influence, as would be the case during a week's stay in town, and his promises would be as nothing. After Lance's future had been definitely arranged, she would, she said to herself, do penance for her subterfuge by making a full confession to Sir Peter, explaining to him the motives of her action.

So Sir Peter came downstairs, fingered his correspondence, sent the study carpet a little farther on its road to ruin, made the house lively with bell-ringing, effected generally a transformation-scene wherever he shed the light of his countenance, and finally departed in company with Lance. And the little key which represented a mighty secret hung still on Madge's watch-chain, and the burden of the untold tidings lay heavy on her heart.

"I hope your sketches are getting on satisfactorily, my dear," said Sir Peter to Madge as he jumped into the dog-cart and took his seat beside Lance. He glanced in the direction in which Miss Shore and her easel were generally established. "Nice young woman that! Nice to look at; nice to speak to! Wish she'd be a little more communicative though—did my best yesterday to draw her out about herself and her people—she must have people of some sort you know—but couldn't succeed—"

"Chickabiddies all right, Aunt Judy?" interrupted Lance, catching sight of Lady Judith's advancing figure. But his eyes, to Madge's fancy, went wandering over "Aunt Judy's" head in the same direction as Sir Peter's.

Sir Peter had another "last word" to say. It was:

"You'll see to my correspondence while I'm away, Madge, and it's bound to be all right. You've a capital head for business, though you won't acknowledge it."

The words stung Madge like so many hornets.

"Why should I be made to do an unworthy thing," she had said to herself two nights before in Saint Cuthbert's churchyard, as she resolutely trampled under foot the burning desire to play the listener a little longer. Yet, as the echo of Sir Peter's words repeated itself in her ears, she felt herself to be doing a very unworthy thing in thus withholding his private correspondence from him.

"For Lance, for Lance," she said to herself, hiding her face in the thick fur of old Roy's tawny coat. "We would die for him—you and I—wouldn't we, Roy?"

Roy, understanding perfectly, licked first her hand inside and out, then her cheek and behind her ear by way of response in the affirmative.

"And we hate her—both of us, don't we, Roy?" she went on. "And we'll do our best to get rid of her! But, oh dear, what if she won't go—cries and says she has no friends, or hangs about the place till Lance comes back, and she can begin her wiles once more!"

Here Roy—like all well-bred dogs, a master of the art of thought-reading—once more expressed canine sympathy.

"Oh for a counsellor!" she sighed. "If I could but turn you into Balaam's ass and get a word of advice out of you, you dear old thing!"

"Speak of an angel and you will hear its wings," says the proverb. Madge's sigh for a counsellor was answered so soon as it was out of her mouth, though not by the rustling of wings—by the slow, soft footsteps of obsequious Mr. Stubbs.

"I am so sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Cohen," he began, after carefully shutting the door behind him. "I merely wished to say that when I handed Sir Peter his letters yesterday morning I did not say a word about the important letter you have to give to him."

An important letter! How did this man know it was important, and what did he know of her motives in keeping it back? Madge wondered, staring at him blankly.

"Yes, that was right," was all she dared to say, however, hoping that he

would consider himself answered and depart.

Not so he. He stood in front of her, surveying her calmly through his half-closed eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cohen," he began, "but have you given a thought to my little request of the other day, respecting my poor boy and his embarrassments?"

Madge was no match for this man, with his effrontery and cunning. Partly from the wish to get rid of him, partly from fear lest he might betray her secret, she rang the bell and desired her maid to bring her cheque-book.

Mr. Stubbs was profuse in his thanks; they flowed in an unctuous stream, like oil from a pierced olive.

"Does he think I am going to give him a thousand pounds?" thought Madge contemptuously. Her pen paused at the figures it was about to write.

"You said?" she queried, looking up at him.

"I said fifty pounds," he replied without a moment's hesitation; "but if you would make it seventy, madam, I should be infinitely obliged to you."

Madge's pen, after a moment's pause, traced the words that transferred seventy pounds from her banking account to Mr. Stubbs's purse.

"There," she thought, "I'm paying him handsomely for keeping my secret for a few days. But I'll take good care that Sir Peter gets rid of him so soon as things are arranged a little."

Mr. Stubbs stood in front of her, cheque in hand, executing a series of profound bows.

"You may count on my deepest gratitude—my life-long gratitude, madam," he said again and again.

Madge's formal bow in acknowledgement was intended as a signal of dismissal. He did not so take it. From thanks he passed on to proffers of service.

"If I can at any moment be of the slightest service, you may rely upon me, madam."

And then he suddenly dropped both thanks and proffers of service, came a step nearer to Madge, gave one furtive glance at the door, and said almost in a whisper:

"Does it not strike you as a very extraordinary thing, madam, that Miss Shore should be invariably so anxious to see the morning papers?"

Madge fixed contemptuous eyes on him. It was easy to read his meaning. It was:

"I am willing enough to do any amount of dirty work for you, provided you keep your cheque-book always handy."

"Why should I be made to do an unworthy thing?" was the indignant cry that once more rose up in her heart. Hard-pressed as she might be for counsellors, it was not to such a creature as this that she would apply for aid.

"I have never given the matter a thought," was her reply, in tones so frigid that Mr. Stubbs could not but feel himself dismissed, and withdrew accordingly.

### A VERY BAD INDIAN.

I WAS bound to capture him. He was a veritable "bad Injun," and half the rascalities and atrocities committed during the rebellion lay at his door. Information had reached me that he was in hiding at Saddle Lake, in a small encampment of Crees, who had settled there for their winter quarters; so, leaving behind me a strong force of men to guard the little army of prisoners and witnesses I had already collected, I set out to look for Pa-mas-so-wit.

I took with me a sergeant, and a single constable, and François, my servant-interpreter, accompanied us in a buckboard, which carried our tent and little stock of provisions.

We were told, by friendly Indians near the camp, that Saddle Lake was distant only thirty miles; so we expected to make the trip and return the same day. We must have looked oddly picturesque that autumn morning, limned against the sky, as we halted on the hill-ridge for a moment, and waved our good-bye to the camp below us. Our horses looked bigger even than they were, under the huge Mexican saddles, with their double pommels, and broad wooden stirrups; for ourselves, booted and spurred, easy in loose duck jackets, and broad sombreros, we carried our rifles and pistols, and felt secure against almost any contingency.

We rode steadily on till noon, following the beaten trail which wound like a huge serpent before us, and then, hot and tired, we stopped by a pond of brackish water to eat our midday meal. The horses were of course first attended to, and after being dried and rubbed down, were hobbled and turned off to rest. We lay, ourselves, on the shady side of the buckboard, to escape the broiling sun-rays: and while François



was getting out the kettle, and spreading the table, we stretched our cramped legs. A fire was soon lit, and a pot of water scooped from the swamp-pond. But alas! the water was bitter and alkaline as the springs of Mara, coated with a scum of grey, green sedge, and positively alive with water-lice. A towel, with which the sergeant was drying his face, was pressed into service, and did duty as a strainer, for our stomachs rebelled at the water-lice! When the water was fairly cleansed, it was set on the fire, and as it neared the boiling-point, a double handful of tea-leaves was thrown in. Innocent of sugar and milk, and flavoured with the dust and sand which blew into the pot with every gust of wind—this was our prairie tea. Hard tack, in the shape of ship-biscuits dipped in a pan of boiling lard, completed our repast. We had tin plates, and each his knife and fork, and he who desired more tea dipped his pannikin into the boiling pot and helped himself.

Think of it, ye gentle dames who sip your Souchong from dainty cups, over the gossip of the drawing-room, or confidences of the boudoir—think of the prairie trooper, as he drinks his nauseating mixture, and pity him.

We had ridden since daybreak, and conjectured, therefore, that we were close to our journey's end, so we rested long, and beguiled the time with tobacco. At last, rested and refreshed, we extinguished our fire, packed up our plates and tea-pot, and rode off again.

All round us, stretching away to the horizon, was the rolling prairie land. Here and there were little belts of wood, and sun-dried swamps, from which wild rabbits scuttled, and huge owls came flying. The prairie chickens ran past us within easy range, and wild duck came whirring o'er-head all afternoon. At our feet the gophers swarmed, and ever and anon our horses plunged into a network of their little holes and floundered for a moment hopelessly, until a touch of the spurs steadied them and sent them on again, throwing up clouds of dust and dry mould, which blackened us from head to foot.

Hour after hour we travelled on, until the air grew cooler and the sun was setting like a huge red fireball before us. We had ridden fifty miles at least, and as yet there was no sign of the lake. Evidently we had been misinformed as to the distance; we looked vainly in the gathering gloom for

signs of curling smoke, and then, angry and weary, dismounted for another meal.

We did not linger long this time, nor did we lie and smoke when our meal was over; fortunately there was fine moonlight, and we were soon in the saddle again and pushing on.

How still the night was, and how cool and sweet the air, after the awful scorching of the sun. The horses were tired, but strong, and carried us bravely; the sergeant had not long recovered from an attack of mountain fever, and was complaining of exhaustion; while François, driving behind us, carols out some half-breed ditty, which rings out clearly and swells occasionally into a chorus with which the hoof-beats chime. We rode on and on till a glance at my watch told me the witching hour was close at hand, and then we held a council of war and resolved to ride another mile, until we reached a clump of trees seen in the distance, where we would rest for the night.

We reached the trees and found a broad stream running past them, but it was too dark to attempt to cross it, so we dismounted and looked about us for a comfortable spot on which to camp. Jones and François pitched the little tent, while the sergeant and I looked to the horses.

We unhitched the buckboard ponies, and turned to the horses to unsaddle them, but as he neared his own, the sergeant staggered; the long day's journey had told upon him, and he sank fainting at my feet. A dash of cold water and a sip from my brandy-flask restored him, and by-and-by the tent was up, the horses fed and roped, and the little camp hushed and still. What if we had no feather-beds, and if our boots did duty for pillows?

We were stiff and tired, and our blankets soft and warm; the scent of the sweet grasses and the leafy trees was borne to us on every breeze, and we fell asleep to the music of the water as it gurgled gently by.

We slept until the sun was shining brightly next morning, and regretted that the night had passed so soon. François rose first, to light a fire and get breakfast ready, and while he was thus occupied, we emptied our rifles and revolvers of their cartridges and proceeded to clean and oil them, that they might be ready at a moment's notice, should the necessity for using them arise.

Whilst we were thus engaged, we heard voices outside the tent, and looking out

saw a tall, well-built Indian on a pony conversing with François, who had just started a magnificent fire. The stranger informed us that we were within a stone's throw of Saddle Lake, which lay just across the river, and was eighty-five miles distant from the camp we had left the day before. This fully accounted for the long ride we had taken, and for the stiffness of our limbs when the end was reached.

As the Indian was communicative and friendly, I asked him to sit down and eat with us, an invitation which was at once accepted, for the Indian loves tea and would sell his entire family for a handful. In the course of the conversation which followed he was asked his name, and astounded us by telling us that he was Pa-pa-mas-so-wit.

Here, indeed, was a stroke of luck—to have the very man we were pursuing walk quietly into our tent, and to capture him without a shot or struggle. Surely the Fates were kind to us that morning. Our hospitality at once took the form of a leg-iron, attached by a chain to a heavy iron ball, and with this he was, in spite of struggle and protestation, invested. When he found that we were deaf alike to threat and persuasion, he appeared to resign himself to his fate; but never was there a craftier rascal.

Edging himself slowly to where our arms were lying, he seized a revolver, and putting it to his head, snapped the trigger twice in rapid succession. Here was a clear attempt at suicide, which, but for the fact of our guns being empty, would have been highly successful.

After this, I thought it necessary that he should be closely watched, and Jones was specially detailed to guard him. While François busied himself with the camp work, the sergeant and I strolled down to the water to talk over the day's plans. We had not been many minutes there when we were astounded to see Pa-pa-mas-so-wit come cantering towards us on his pony, with his leg-weight supported in one hand. Before we could stop him, he had crossed the stream, and, as he vanished over the brow of the incline beyond, treated us to a war-whoop, the length and ferocity of which I never heard equalled. I ran at once for a horse, and found my own already haltered, having just been ridden to water. Without waiting for coat, or hat, or saddle, I gave chase, and in ten minutes I was up to him and calling on him to stop. This he refused to do, yelling

defiance, and urging his cayouse to its utmost speed.

As I came alongside of him he tried to strike me with the chain and weight; but, fortunately, it was too short to be of much service as a weapon, and as he swayed for a moment in the saddle, I caught him by the neck and threw him to the ground. He was humiliated, but not conquered, and it required a couple of sounding kicks to induce him to move towards the tent from which he had so lately fled. Meantime, the sergeant had been seeking an explanation from Jones, and that worthy had urged, by way of excuse, that he had thought it impossible for his prisoner to escape, weighted as he was, and so had been less mindful of him than, perhaps, he ought to have been.

With a caution to be more careful, Jones was again given charge of the Indian, and vowed that he would not let him stir out of his sight again by so much as a single inch.

Finding himself now a prisoner in earnest, Pa-pa-mas-so-wit sought to curry favour with us by informing us that there were two more "bad Injuns" not far away who were equally guilty with himself of crimes charged to him. Getting from him full particulars regarding the men, and the direction of the camp, we prepared to set out and compass their arrest.

I determined on taking François with us as interpreter, and Jones was left behind to watch our crafty prisoner. François being a "non-combatant," had neither arms nor horse, so I gave Jones his choice of rifle or revolver with which to guard his quarry, and when he had chosen the latter, gave François his horse and rifle, and away we rode. In half-an-hour we saw the blue smoke of the Indian teepees, and soon were close upon the camp. As we neared it, a squaw rushed out, and we could hear her call shrilly in the direction of the tents behind her. A moment after, two braves rushed out, and, leaping on their ponies, fired each an arrow in our direction, and galloped off like the wind. Our carried rifles, the broad yellow stripes in our breeches, and our short horse-tails proclaimed us clearly to be police, and the fugitives had no desire to inspect us more than they could possibly help.

Then came a chase in which was all the excitement and exhilaration of a fox-hunt or a steeple-chase. Our oat-fed horses were stronger and swifter than the wiry ponies

of the Indians; but they were heavily weighted, and not as cunning in picking their way as the hardy cayouses, so the race was even.

For forty minutes we tore along, now up to the girths in water, now hidden by the rushes, through bush, and brake, over swamp and sand-hill. To fire at the pace we were going meant only to waste good ammunition, so we rode on silently till the foam flecks spattered us like sea-spray. At last we gained upon them, and diverging so as to form a semi-circle, we surrounded them with rifles levelled, and they surrendered with military honours, being at once unhorsed, but allowed to retain their bows and arrows.

We discovered through François that the prisoners were the men we wanted, so we jogged quietly back with minds at ease in the direction of the wigwams, now lying far behind us.

We made a considerable detour in going back, to gain an easy ford which one of our captives volunteered to show us, and as we neared the water, a magnificent antelope sprang up in front of us and dashed away for dear life. I confess to having had a genuine attack of buck fever just then. I have shot pigeons from traps, and snipe in the marshes, and scored bull's eyes on a target without a tremor; but when this creature flashed before me, I was so dumb-founded that I let him get clear away, and when I did fire, saw the dust rise up a score of yards behind him. Calling to the sergeant to look to his men, and unmindful of the exhausted state of my horse, I dashed in the spurs, and was soon flying in mad pursuit. How long I would have kept up the chase I know not, but I became suddenly conscious of a heavy stagger on the part of my horse, heard a wild sob that told of a desperate effort, and found myself lying on my back in a blind hole about ten feet deep. How the horse saved himself from falling in was a miracle; had he done so he would have crushed my life out in a moment. When I got up, bruised and sore, and hardly able to scramble into the saddle, with my breeches split at the knees, and my spurs twisted like corkscrews, the antelope had disappeared, and I rejoined my companions, blushing like a schoolboy, and feeling desperately foolish.

We arrived in due time at the encampment, and great was the grief of the squaws when they saw that we had caught the runaways.

We left the captured ponies there, and were followed by the entire camp as we marched on with the prisoners towards our own tent. What an odd procession we must have made; first came the sergeant and François on horseback, and between them, with tied hands, walked the captives. Next them I rode, keeping an eye on the quartet, and behind me on foot came a long string of weeping squaws, sympathising braves, and half-naked children, wondering, no doubt, what the end was to be. We reached the hill-top overlooking the stream near which our tent was pitched, and as we stood upon it a fierce oath burst from the sergeant's lips: "Look at him!" was all he said, and a glance was quite sufficient to tell the story. There, on his back, lay Jones fast asleep, his snoring distinctly audible a hundred feet away, and Pa-pa-mas-so-wit was gone. It was all I could do to keep the sergeant from "drawing a bead" on the sleeping wretch, and firing point-blank at him. Even François assured me that "Him woman-man, big squaw, no good."

We awoke the sleeper in manner forcible, and he had not a word to say, of course, in self-defence. I put him under arrest and left him to his own meditations, which I afterwards found he had softened with copious doses from my bottle of "Pain Killer" in lieu of more ardent liquor, which was prohibited in the territory.

Turning to the assembled Indians, I told them of Pa-pa-mas-so-wit's escape, and threatened them with direful penalties if they did not at once assist me to capture him. Soon a hunt was organised, and high and low we sought him; after a few hours we found the chain and leg-iron close to his camp, and we knew that he had picked the lock and gone.

Sorrowfully we turned to our tent and poured out the vials of our wrath upon the bewildered Jones, and then we sat down to a dinner which was tasteless save for the sauce of bitter disappointment. After we had eaten we secured the services of a clever-looking young guide to try to track the fugitive; once more we mounted our horses and followed fast and far our sharp-eyed guide as he galloped along, spying out the trail in places where we would never have thought of looking for it. Through all the hot afternoon we rode until the grey streaks of the fading day fell in about us, and then, worn out and disheartened, we gave up the chase and went back. Money we had none with

which to recompense our scout, for silver and gold is not a plentiful commodity with the police-trooper; but that night we visited the tents of his people and rewarded him with a penknife, a wooden pipe, a plug of tobacco, and a pair of braces; for the squaws we produced a package of tea, which was there and then boiled and drank, and we forgot for the moment, under the smiles of the dark-skinned Houris, the fatigues and disappointments of the day.

At daybreak, next morning, we prepared to start on our homeward trip, and just as our tent was packed we saw our Indian guide come across the stream ford. His face was bright with yellow paint, telling of some victory achieved or about to follow, and behind him came his squaw, carrying his gaudy blanket and his Government rifle. Coming up to me he grasped my hand and told me that I was "white and comely, and big and strong;" but he added, "no pale face has ever pulled me up across a stick, for I have the strength of Manitou the Great Spirit." Tickled with his challenge, I accepted it; a rifle was quickly emptied of its charge, and we sat down feet to feet on the dew-covered grass, grasping the weapon in the middle, each pulling with might and main to raise the other to his feet. Hard and long I strained, but could not move my dusky brother, while he tugged in vain at me. By mutual consent we paused for breath, while the birds above us trilled out a song by way of interlude, and then we commenced again. The Indian offered to wager his squaw that he would pull me up, and the sergeant, always loyal to his superior officer, accepted the bet, and put up his blanket and knife and fork as against the damsel. At it we went in earnest, our prisoners yelling for their companion, and the sergeant and François, and even dejected Jones, for me. Here, in the nineteenth century, was the old race struggle for supremacy being again enacted. Here was a contest fought "for keeps," into which no professional dishonesty entered, and which the best man alone could win.

Jove! what a pull! My arms seemed bursting from their sockets, and my breath came and went in sobs and gasps, while my opponent was wet with perspiration, and his eyes swollen and bloodshot. Again we stopped, and again commenced, this time almost too weak to pull at all. With a desperate effort I threw myself backward

and slowly pulled the Indian almost to his feet. Almost, but that was all. As he sank again the impetus gave him fresh strength, and with a yell that rang through the wood, and floated up to the very heavens, he pulled me up, and with a final mighty heave, sent me flying over his head to measure my length a second time on the prairie sand. I rose defeated, and presented the victor with laurels in the shape of two tallow candles and a piece of pork, which he received with delight and dignity. The sergeant paid over blanket and knife and fork, but insisted on a kiss from the squaw, which she not only granted to him but bestowed on us all. So with the nectar of her kisses on our lips, and the laughter of the Indian in our ears, we rode away; as we reached the hill-top we looked back and saw the squaw still standing where we left her, resplendent in the sergeant's blanket, which the breeze blew round her lithesome form, whilst at her feet sat her lord, illustrating with bent back and outstretched arms how he had vanquished the pale-faced trooper, and saved his darling from captivity.

#### COLONEL EDWARD MARCUS DESPARD.

THAT a man, who had been thanked by the King and by the Jamaica House of Assembly for the way in which he fortified that island, and who had also received the special thanks of Government for his conduct of the expedition to Yucatan, should, twenty years after, be engaged in a conspiracy to seize the Tower and the Bank, and to shoot, with the big gun in the Park, the King and Queen on their way to open Parliament—his only associates being some thirty soldiers and bricklayers' labourers, his arms and appliances absolutely nil, his preparations none—seems one of the strangest inconsistencies that this world has ever seen.

No wonder his latest biographer, Mr. Morse Stephens, says "the whole plan is so ridiculous that it cannot be regarded seriously."

The poor man was mad; he was convicted on the evidence of so-called accomplices, and, at any other time and with any other judge than Lord Ellenborough, the whole thing would have been quashed, the soldiers implicated would have been handed over to the Provost-Marshal—those were the days of



flogging—and the Colonel's friends would have been bound over to take care of him. Instead of that, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Common Serjeant, another Serjeant, six juniors, and the Solicitor to the Treasury were arrayed against a poor creature, whom almost every word that the approvers alleged showed to be "non compos mentis."

The Despardes were a fighting family. Out of six brothers—of whom Marcus was the youngest—all save the eldest were in the army. His brother John distinguished himself in the American War; he took part in twenty-four engagements, he was thrice shipwrecked, twice made prisoner, and twice had his horse killed under him—a record of service which, had he been a hanger-on of some political leader instead of merely being the son of a Queen's County squire, of old Huguenot stock, would have gained him a worthier reward than the colonelcy of a West India regiment.

Edward Marcus was a born engineer. When only twenty years old he showed his talent in Jamaica; and a few years later the Commander of the San Juan Expedition wrote to the Governor of Jamaica:

"There was scarcely a gun fired but what was pointed by Captain Nelson of the 'Hinchinbrooke,' or by Lieutenant Despard, Chief Engineer, who has exerted himself on every occasion."

Sir J. Dalling, the new Governor, sent him, a few years later, to the Mosquito shore to support our logwood-cutters against the Spaniards; but as soon as the Count de Grasse, with his great fleet, bore down on Jamaica, Despard was hastily recalled to superintend the fortifying of the island. When Rodney's victory had made Jamaica safe, Despard was shunted to the Black River, where, with the help of a few artillerymen, he took possession of all the Spanish settlements. The Jamaica House of Assembly requested the new Governor, Sir Archibald Campbell, to make him a Colonel of Provincials; but Campbell did not like him, and sent him off again to Yucatan, with the title of Superintendent of His Majesty's Affairs, and the miserably inadequate salary of five hundred a year.

He got on very well with the Spaniards, persuading them to give up a small island for a pilot to live on, and also to allow the logwood-cutters to grow vegetables. But before long, quarrels broke out

between the old English settlers and Despard's new men. The settlers were there quite contrary to treaty; for, at the peace of 1783, Yucatan had been opened to the English on condition that they should do nothing but cut logwood. The old settlers, however, some seven hundred in number, had already established themselves in spite of the Spaniards; and the new men, numbering about two thousand, were naturally aggrieved at the difference of their status. They could only grow vegetables on sufferance, while the others were permanent inhabitants.

Despard, anxious to uphold the treaty, sided with his own men, and the old settlers got so discontented that they trumped up a pack of charges against him for vexatiously interfering with them and their "rights."

The House of Assembly dismissed the charges with contempt, and Lord Sydney, Colonial Secretary, pronounced them wholly frivolous; but three years after, Lord Grenville, Sydney's successor, was worried by Despard's enemies into suspending that officer and sending him to England.

For two years Despard was kept dangling about the Secretary of State's office, without being able to get his case looked into. At last, in 1792, he was told what everybody in the Spanish Main and in Jamaica knew already, that there was no real accusation against him. He, of course, asked for arrears of pay, if not for compensation. "No," was the reply; "your post was abolished when you vacated it. But you shan't be forgotten. Something will soon turn up for you."

This was not very satisfactory; but Despard had nothing for it but to wait, year after year, a man with a real grievance, and with vindictive enemies, out of touch, too, with those who were "the channels of preferment." Then came 1798, and very possibly the disappointed man—wearied of urging his plea for compensation, sick at heart at seeing incapables put to work for which he had so amply proved his ability—may have said something about misgovernment being at the bottom of that rebellion. Further than that he certainly did not go. His family were Irish "loyalists," his brothers, like himself, in the army, and in the Ireland of that day there was not a trace of sympathy between men of Despard's class—the small squires and country gentry—and the rebels. But Pitt's system, in Ireland,

and just then in England, too, was the spy system; society was as honeycombed with informers as it was in France under the Second Empire. We of to-day rightly look on such a system as un-English, "Continental;" but human nature, even in England, takes only too kindly to it, as the records of the end of the last century abundantly prove. Despard was watched; and probably some hasty word led to his being seized and put into Coldbath Fields Prison. But even in "the good old days when George the Third was King," it was not easy to keep a man imprisoned against whom no charge could possibly be made; so, after a few weeks, he was released; but when, in the autumn of the same year, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in England as well as in Ireland, he was again seized, and locked up in Tothill Fields Prison till 1800. Not only was nothing proved against him, but no attempt was ever made to connect him with the rebellion, or to bring any other accusation against him. He had been a nuisance; he had no friends in the public offices; and his ill-wishers simply took advantage of the exceptional state of things to get him out of the way.

Soured and embittered, he began to take up with the Socialist ideas which the French revolution had spread even in England. In the country, especially, he found the people very miserable; according to the testimony of travellers, a man could not ride into a village without being surrounded by half-starved beggars. They had no reason to love the Government, or the existing order of things. They were in the case of Romeo's apothecary: "the world had not loved them, nor the world's law." And when an educated gentleman—whose word always goes ten times as far with the poor as that of one of themselves—called them to consider how broken the present Constitution was; how the rogues flourished and honest men drooped; how His Majesty's Ministers might well be named man-eaters; how the House of Commons was a den of thieves—Cobbett, in his "English Grammar," illustrates the use of the two articles in much the same language: "The House of Commons is a pack of thieves"—and how easily fortunes might be equalised, as well as rights, civil, political, and religious; no wonder they listened and cheered, and by their talk and behaviour persuaded the Colonel that he had only to give the signal in order to be followed by thousands.

London then, as now, was Tory; there are too many solid interests at stake for Londoners to dabble in day-dreams; even Parliamentary reform was by-and-by forced on the metropolis by the pressure of the Northern towns. Despard saw that in London he had no chance; it was of the country that he used the words to which one "accomplice" after another swore like a set of parrots, "the people in the country, and in towns like Leeds, and Sheffield, and Birmingham, are ripe." He was a great walker. "I've walked twenty miles to-day," he said, "and the people are everywhere ripe where I've been." And yet, with a madman's inconsistency, he fixed on London for his rising, and actually believed that without any organisation, or any arms, he could take the Tower by a "coup de main," and then turn its guns upon the city. He had talked to a few soldiers, and to three or four discharged soldiers, had given them beer, and had listened to their grievances; and then, straightway, he came to the absurd conclusion that three or four hundred of the men now lying at the Tower had already joined what he called his "Constitution Society." The thing was pure delusion.

From the first he seems to have been got hold of by one of those scoundrels who would sell their mothers for a small reward. Windsor, a private in the Foot Guards, fell in with Despard, and at once thought money could be made out of him. He conferred with one Bownas, of the Transport Office, an army agent, and, advised by him, determined to help found the "Constitution Society," for the sake of by-and-by informing against its members. Indeed he was its most active founder. "Give me a hundred men," he would say, "and I'll get hold of the Tower." But there were others of a different stamp in the background; Lord Ellenborough and the Attorney-General both say so. With these men's eyes Government had long been watching Despard to try to connect him with the rising of 1798, only it was deemed advisable to keep them in the background.

Poor Despard, then, had been going up and down the country, airing his complaints against the War Office and the Colonial Secretary; glad to get a listener, and thinking that every listener was a sympathiser. His brother being Brigadier-General on the staff of the Severn division, he was often on the road to Shrewsbury, and no doubt in passing along he did hear a

good deal of disaffection; but it was never charged against him that he had administered the oath which the "approvers," truly or falsely, charged him with having got printed on cards, to a single person out of London. If he ever said that "the country was ripe," he was content to leave it so, and not to make the slightest effort to bring it over to his supposed projects. The men who were seized with him were chiefly Irish labourers and discharged soldiers. There is always in London a sufficient number of such, ready to talk treasonable nonsense with any one who will treat them. To tell such men that "every parish in the land was to form itself into a committee of fourteen, and then into seven, and that one of every seven was to come into the Parliament house," does not seem like business. Yet that was the sort of talk; the men listened, the "accomplices" egged Despard on, and he enjoyed the talking because he found among such audiences the pretence at least of that sympathy which had been denied to him by his employers.

After having watched Despard long enough, Government laid its hand upon him and his associates—nearly forty of them—at the Oakley Arms, in Lambeth. They had been in the habit of meeting at various obscure public-houses—the Ham and Windmill, in the Haymarket; the Tiger, on Tower Hill; the Flying Horse, Newington; the Bleeding Heart, in Charles Street, Hatton Garden, etc. Everywhere they were dogged by spies, and when in November, 1802, they were seized at the Oakley Arms, the Southwark police were met and assisted by a large body of Bow Street officers. About half of those captured were discharged, the object apparently being only to have enough to connect Despard with a plot of some kind. In February followed the trial, Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice, and Justices Thompson, Le Blanc, and Chambré being on the Bench.

In charging the Grand Jury, Lord Ellenborough's aim was to show that "whereas no one can be legally punished except for an overt act of treason, an intention to commit treason is properly an overt act!"

The Grand Jury, composed of men like Lord Onslow, and bankers Glyn and Hankey and Thornton, brought in a true bill, and the trial speedily followed. The account published "from the shorthand of Joseph Gurney and William Brodie

Gurney," gives a list of jurors challenged by the Crown and the prisoner respectively. Why John March, Esq., and merchant, and Isaac Warner, Esq., and coal merchant, should be challenged by the Crown, save for known Liberal opinions, it is hard to say. What searching into the history of families would be needed to find out why the Crown objected to one coal merchant, the prisoner to another. The wonder is that in these cases no one thinks of objecting to the Judge. A man who had shown his bitter feeling as unmistakably as Lord Ellenborough did in his charge to the Grand Jury, was manifestly unfit to preside at the trial; he could not be impartial, nor indeed did he make the least effort to be so.

So Despard and some dozen labouring men were accused of conspiring to seize the Bank and the Tower, and arming themselves with the weapons therein contained, to fight with, kill, and destroy the soldiers of the King, and to stop the mail-coaches as a signal to divers other false traitors dwelling and being in divers parts of this kingdom, as an encouragement to them to raise, levy, and make an insurrection, rebellion, and war, and a cruel and bloody slaughter of the King's liege subjects! All this extensive programme the Attorney-General was to ask a jury to believe would have been carried out by an ex-Colonel of Jamaica Fencibles and a score or so of labourers and soldiers, who for some time had been meeting to drink his health and hear his talk. Government had, no doubt, some justification. In 1780, the streets of London had run with blood during riots got up by another half-mad enthusiast, Lord George Gordon; but there was this great difference: Lord George took up a popular cry and intensified it. "No Popery" would always, since Titus Oates's day, command a pretty big following in London. "No Popery" rioters, too, would be looked on with leniency, if not with approval, by many among what are now called "the classes." The Gordon riots had in them an element of success which was wholly wanting in this affair which was fathered on poor Despard. Nobody was likely to listen to him except field labourers, who might grumble, but who certainly had no intention of "rising;" no one would even drink his beer except a few discharged soldiers and Irish labourers, most of whom probably had friends who had suffered in 1798, and to whom, therefore, the most unpractical talk of revenge was

a consolation. The quaint oath, setting forth among the chief objects "an ample provision for the families of the heroes who shall fall in the contest, and providing a liberal reward for distinguished merit," is enough to stamp the whole thing as an absurdity; as Serjeant Best, who defended Despard, truly said: "The imagination of Cervantes was lame and feeble, compared with the projectors of this scheme. . . . One cannot make it more extravagant than in the way Colonel Despard is represented by one of the witnesses to have acted—that when one man, not so drunk as the rest, suggested a difficulty, he should say: 'If there is no one among this tattered regiment dare attack the King, guarded as he will be, I will break through the horse and foot guards, and do it with my single hand!' It is quite as probable this gentleman should attempt to do it singly, as that he should attempt to do it with the assistance of these persons."

For it was not, according to the evidence, true or concocted, a wild scheme of personal revenge, like Felton's killing of Buckingham, or Bellingham's shooting Prime Minister Percival. "The King must be put to death, and then the people will be at liberty," was the saying attributed to Despard. He looked for nothing for himself, his idea was—i.e. if the whole thing was not a trumped-up affair—to free the country from a system which just then many people thought was dragging England to ruin. "I would do it with my own hand," said Despard, on the testimony of Emblin, a Vauxhall watchmaker, who seems to have frequented the gatherings for amusement. And when some one suggested that shooting two of the horses in the King's coach was not enough, for the guards close to the window would cut any one in pieces who attempted such a thing, the Colonel added: "I have thought over this matter well, and my heart is callous." Who shall say whether or not Colonel Despard used those words, of which first the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and then the Lord Chief Justice, made such unscrupulous use? They were put into Emblin's mouth by the Crown counsel in what, to a reader of the evidence, seems a wholly unjustifiable way; but, if Despard did use them, they sufficiently prove that the poor man was, as his counsel suggested, "a fit inhabitant for Bethlem." Another witness said that when asked what would be done if the big Park gun failed to hit the Royal

carriage, the Colonel replied: "Then I must man-handle him!" (the King).

There is a comic element in all this, and in the playing hide-and-seek with soldiers in the public-houses between Tower Hill and Whitechapel; and witness Emblin seems to have entered into the fun, for he tells, with much reluctance, evidently having the fear of his wife before his eyes, how he gave threepence to the barmaid at the Flying Horse, and told her he would come and get a kiss next time. Serjeant Best's contention was that the evidence was inadmissible, being wholly the evidence of self-styled accomplices, which can only be used to support other evidence, and if used alone may lead to the most cruel miscarriage of justice; and that, even if admitted, it simply proved that Despard was a lunatic. He also strongly insisted that some remnant of the old Rights of Man Society had been trying to tamper with the soldiers, and, finding themselves foiled, had looked around for a scapegoat. Colonel Despard was the very man for their purpose; by accusing him they could shield themselves, and he, being a suspect of 1798, was one who could be accused with impunity. He brought evidence of character—Lord Nelson among others, who said: "We served together on the Spanish Main; we were together in the enemy's trenches, and slept in the same tent. I have lost sight of him for some years; if asked my opinion I should certainly have said: 'If he's alive he is certainly one of the brightest ornaments of the British army.'" Lord Ellenborough cut Nelson's evidence very short; and neither he nor even Sir Evan Nepean, at whose house Despard had often been a guest since his coming to England, could say much about him for the few years immediately before his arrest. Lord Ellenborough summed up heavily against him.

There is almost a personal vindictiveness in his way of explaining how intentions may be "overt acts," and how the evidence of accomplices is first-rate and unimpeachable.

The jury, in less than half an hour, brought in a verdict of guilty, and then his lordship, harping on the word "callous," entreated the poor fellow "to excite, revive, and renew in his mind an ardent and unceasing endeavour and purpose to subdue this insensibility of heart, and, by regaining a softened frame of affections, to work out that salvation which, from the infinite



mercy of God, may even yet be attainable by effectual penitence and prevailing prayers."

I hope judges do not torture a condemned man in that way nowadays. One does not care to pass judgement on past judges; but, to all appearance, anything more palpably unreal and artificial than this speech it is impossible to imagine. Despard simply remarked:

"Nothing has appeared in trial or evidence to prove that I am what you say—the seducer of these men."

One of the Irish labourers, Macnamara, said, with reference to the only evidence that could be considered in any way damaging:

"I am now under sentence of death. I declare before God this moment, and may God never receive me if I ever spoke a word to Windsor since I was born till I was brought into the house where the officer was."

After his sentence, Despard refused to attend chapel or to receive the sacrament, and, on the twenty-first of February, he and six others—Macnamara among them—were drawn on a hurdle to the Newington county jail. He made a long speech, and was loudly cheered by the crowd. They were then hanged for half an hour, cut down, and beheaded; the quartering and disembowelling, etc., "being graciously remitted." Despard's body was handed over to his widow, and was buried in Saint Paul's churchyard, near the north door.

Thus ended the career of a man of whom the proverb was notably true: "Injustice drives wise" (and brave) "men mad."

## THE ROSE-WEAVERS.

### A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III. THE DANCE.

A FAIRY LIKE scene was the open-air dance. Splendour could not be conjured up on this island. No wand could transform the flowery little Eden into the semblance of a Court. But the coloured lanterns hanging from the trees, the rose-garlands adorning the Royal tent, the white dresses of the maidens, the brilliant uniforms of the men, worked wonderful transformation. To the minds of the islanders, who had flocked together in a body to greet their King, the spectacle was enchanting, past belief.

If pomp was not to be transplanted to this sea-girt domain, no more was cere-

mony. The King, being as yet a bachelor, had brought no ladies in his train. To the naïve fisher-folk it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should dance with Ermengarde. The head forester was one of the leading personages of the island, and his daughter the fairest and most accomplished girl it could boast of. A burst of applause rose from the assembled crowd as the right royal-looking pair now stepped forth. If kingly the mien of this young man, but lately and unexpectedly called from a sailor's life to wear a crown, queenly also the tall, stately, golden-haired maiden now standing by his side.

Ermengarde had never looked more beautiful. An amount of hauteur, half-playful, half-serious, lent piquancy to her spirited loveliness. She was affronted with the King for the blunder into which he had entrapped her. She was half-inclined to accuse him of a frivolity of character, unsuspected in her guest of the day before.

"You see I am here to redeem my promise," he said, smiling. "I trust you are not displeased to find in me an old acquaintance?"

"Nay," said Ermengarde. "How can I help being displeased? I have lost one who might have been my friend."

"Can a King have no friends, then?" he asked, colouring with vexation, perplexed as well as bewitched by this island beauty. "You will make me wish that I could maintain yesterday's incognito for ever."

Ermengarde slightly blushed. She knew well enough that any breach of etiquette would be more than forgiven just now; all the more, she was determined not to commit any.

"Sire——" she began, intending to apologise for the freedom of the day before, and at the same time to convey a covert reproach.

He stopped her gaily and joyously.

"No ceremonies, no titles to-night, I entreat—I command. For this once, and for you, I am the King's-Messenger. Indeed I must have it so."

"Then," said Ermengarde brightly, "to the King's-Messenger I may openly say what is in my mind. He should not have come here under a false pretence. I might have compromised others beside myself."

The candid brow clouded over; the genial voice had a tone of bitterness in it as he replied:

"You have evidently a poor idea of human nature. Should I stoop to such meanness?"

"Pardon, a thousand times, I ask pardon," Ermengarde said, greatly vexed at the misinterpretation put upon her words. "I but meant to say that I might have given a wholly wrong impression of these good fisher-folk—see how loyal they are!" She smiled gaily, and added: "I believe I am the only malcontent in this part of your Majesty's dominions."

"You are not speaking to the King, remember," he replied. "But let me explain why I made that sudden raid upon you yesterday. You know my story. Who seemed less likely, a year ago, to inherit a crown than myself? One fine morning, I, the sailor Prince, am torn away from my free, careless life, and saluted with the title of King. That of Pope, Prime Minister, or Crown Lawyer would have been equally appropriate!"

"Unfortunately, a crown is not awarded as a premium upon capacity. Had it been put up for competitive examination, you might have escaped," smiled Ermengarde.

"Well, perhaps, for me had it been so," he said, smiling also. Then he went on in a graver tone: "My tastes have ever been in quite other lines. I have always valued my freedom above everything; freedom to roam the world, to lead the life of an explorer, and"—here he looked at her meaningly—"to settle down in a home of my own choosing when fancy willed. I do not pretend to say that my changed prospects are altogether displeasing to me now. Who can help being influenced by his surroundings? I shall, I daresay, gradually grow into a wholly altered being."

"Yes," Ermengarde answered, slowly and sadly. "If ever you visit this island again you will certainly not dance with the head forester's daughter. You will not wish your subjects to forget that you are King then."

There was so much of simple, yet suggestive truth in these words, that for a moment the young man's gaiety vanished. Joyous music filled the little forest world, Ermengarde, in all her beauty, stood beside him, his partner in the dance, yet he was grave and pensive.

"You are right," he said. "I feel that not only my youth, but my nature must be sacrificed to my greatness, that slowly, yet surely and irrevocably, I shall become a

stranger to my former self. Here, for a last brief moment, I snatch a breath of liberty. But it was something more than a mere wild caprice that made me steal a march on my courtiers yesterday." He glanced round and added in an undertone: "Fame had reached me of the head forester's daughter. I wanted to judge for myself if these islanders had boasted too much of their Queen."

A deep blush dyed Ermengarde's cheeks, and once more that remonstrative—"Sire"—rose to her lips.

"Remember our compact," he said. "Surely no hard one to keep for so brief a period. I may not be unhappier than the ordinary run of mortals; I may succeed in stifling the generous impulses of my youth; but no moment of the future can rival this. Do not rob me of what, once lost, can never be replaced."

There was not a vestige of coquetry in Ermengarde's disposition, but she glowed as she listened to these flattering words.

All her old liking for the frank, genial King's-Messenger had come back. There was the feeling of youth, too, which drew them together, the sense of comradeship, sympathy—call it what we will—that leads one human being to open his heart to another.

"You must not dance with me any more, for all that," she said. "You are the King to others, if only his Messenger to me."

"And the last-named personage will not quit this island without bidding you farewell," he answered. "Expect me at the head forester's house before I go."

He led her to a seat, and disappeared amid the crowd of dancers.

Half-a-dozen artless girls were made proud and happy by the Royal invitation to dance. Then the signal was given for the banquet. The King and his courtiers disappeared, and all too quickly for the delighted multitude, alike, dance and banquet came to an end.

#### CHAPTER IV. AT THE HEAD FORESTER'S.

THE head forester's house was one of the handsomest in the island. It stood by the road-side, on the border of the vast forest almost covering the sea-girt kingdom. Though solitary, the site was full of charm in summer time. Golden the light, penetrating the lofty pine trees; unbroken, save for the notes of birds, the silence that brooded everywhere; fragrant

with a thousand flowers, the breezes stirring the branches. Here and there, bits of pasture or cornland intersected the wood, and meadow and field were carpeted with flowers. Bright-hued butterflies flitted in the sunshine. Sad to reflect that this delicious summer was almost as short-lived as they! From October to April the country lay wrapped in snow; often so intense the frost that all communication with the outer world would be cut off for weeks.

Although Ermengarde had been educated in a brilliant city of the Continent, she clung to her island home. These winters had as yet no terrors for her. Acquaintances contrived to meet at each other's houses by means of the sledge. In her widowed father she had a sympathetic companion. Then there were her tastes and duties: she was not only mistress of the head forester's house, but a guardian angel to the poor; and last, but not least, a passionate musician and devotee of Schiller and Goethe. The wintry hours passed all too quickly.

And like all high-spirited girls, she could but regard this quiet, uneventful existence as an interlude, a preface to what should be life indeed. She hearkened as yet for the unriddling of the sphinx.

On the second morning after that forest dance, what was her astonishment to see the King ride up? He had promised to come, it is true, but a few hours before her father had been summoned to meet him in another part of the island. She supposed him to be miles away. She was watering her flowers, not wholly with unconcern, yet not without some fluttering of the heart as she recalled the incidents of the last few days, when a couple of horsemen stopped at the gate, the foremost threw the reins to the other, and she recognised him at once.

"Pardon me, Fräulein," he said, affecting an easy tone in the hearing of the attendant, "I parted company with your respected father an hour ago, and he gave me leave to call here and ask for some refreshment. The rest of my party are regaling at the little restaurant by the shore. Have I your permission to enter?"

Ermengarde turned from red to pale. She saw through the device. He had hit upon this expedient for bidding her farewell.

She bowed low and tried to get out a word of welcome, but speech stayed on her trembling lips. It was as if she were under a spell.

The little household was busy in the hayfield. She suddenly remembered that there was no one to wait upon her Royal guest but herself. As she had done two days before, she now began to set before him the best the larder afforded.

"Once more pardon me," he said, "I have not indeed come merely to eat and drink, although a morsel of bread and a glass of water will be acceptable. But I really came because I had something to say to you."

He looked at her penetratingly, as if faint to read her inmost thoughts.

"Tell me," he said, "are you happy here? This island, so remote, so cut off from the world, is surely no sphere for you."

"I have my father," was the proud yet faltering reply, "and many friends, besides home duties."

"I have been plotting and making plans on your behalf," he went on with an affectation of gaiety; she could see all the time that he was anxious and ill at ease. "And I hinted my views to the head forester just now. He is more ambitious for you than you are for yourself. With his full consent would you quit this island for a time?"

Ermengarde looked bewildered and irresponsible. He continued: "In my mother, you would find a sure friend and protector. Your father could have no misgivings about your welfare. Say then that you will at least make the experiment; that you will grace our Court if only for a year."

The prospect thus hinted at was dazzling indeed. A position at Court, the patronage of the Queen-mother; social horizons widening with every year, what else should these things mean but a future to satisfy any woman's aspirations? The King's good faith and single-mindedness were beyond doubt. No suspicion of evil intent could attach itself to his outspoken, manly nature.

"You would be free to go or stay as you pleased," he urged. "As one of the ladies attached to my mother's household, you would be entirely independent. You can have no plausible objection to make."

But the look of doubt in Ermengarde's face had given way to positive negation. The more persuasive he became, the further she drew back.

"Are such friendships as ours made every day?" he said at last. "At least, let me have the privilege of seeing you from time to time."

"My friend was the King's-Messenger, not the King," was the sad reply. "To him the head forester's daughter must henceforth remain a stranger."

"What is my position that it should thus repel you?" he said. "I remain myself. Yet you are right. This crown, this hateful crown, divides us. I am no longer free to love!"

She had divined his secret already, and had he not her own too? All her courage vanished on a sudden. She sat as one stricken by evil fortune.

"We were drawn to each other from the first," he went on, now using the passionate language of an avowed lover, speaking in low, quick undertones. "Oh, Ermengarde, instead of enticing you from your island, could I but share it with you, could I unking myself for your sake!"

Then the honest eyes filled with tears, the frank, naturally joyous voice broke down. He was utterly unmanned, and the sight of his agitation helped to restore her calm. She felt bound to make a great effort in order to regain self-mastery.

"Let us not think of ourselves," she murmured. "You are called to play a great part. You will have no time for vain regrets, and I"—checking her tears, she went on—"I will try to forget the King's-Messenger, and from a distance follow the King's career. If noble, if worthy of him, I shall be consoled."

"Can any human being live nobly without happiness?" he answered, resenting alike his good and evil fortune, feeling all his words alike empty of meaning. It was sweet to sit thus by her side listening, but the future stretched before him bare and colourless. His joy was buried in this little island. And he dared no longer broach the subject of her departure. They loved each other, and in their case love could only mean separation.

"Self-sought happiness is not always the best," she said gently. "You, least of all, can afford to live for yourself."

"I am young. It is hard to learn such lessons so soon," he replied, almost boyishly resentful and despondent.

The glory of summer lay round the earth. They were in the summer of life, yet a weight of despair lay on their young hearts.

"Bid me farewell and go away," Ermengarde said, feeling unable to bear this tension of feeling any longer. "We can do each other no good."

She had hitherto sought to soothe and inspirit him; but now alike her helplessness and love had spoken. He sprang to her side, moved by a desperate decision.

"You love me!" he whispered. "Then away with this crown! Be another's this uncoveted kingdom, for I am not entirely a slave. I can abdicate. Say the word, and I will be nothing else—yours, yours only."

She shook her head, smiling through her tears.

"But it can, it shall be," he added. "What do I care for men's scorn or for the good opinion of the great? Should not a man choose for himself where his whole happiness is concerned? Kings have abdicated before now. A few days' gossip, and the world will forget my existence."

These wild words, wrung in all sincerity from the depth of his passion, only moved Ermengarde so far. She was growing more and more sorry for him and for herself. He might draw a bright picture of the future, might apparently sweep away all obstacles and impossibilities; might insist that things were to be as his fancy painted them. The reality was present to her—hard, cruel, and implacable. One moment was theirs only. To-day they were lovers, drawn as near to each other as human beings can well be by virtue of sympathy and affection. To-morrow they should be less than strangers.

"Go," she said; "we have both been dreaming. Let us dream no more!"

Just then the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a party of horsemen rode up.

"That is surely my father hastening back to take leave of you. He must not be made unhappy too. Be good, be happy, my comrade, my King. Ermengarde's allegiance shall never fail you."

She was about to raise his hand loyally to her lips, but he bent forward, for a moment held her in his arms, and kissed her, lover-like, on the brow. When the head forester entered, both were collected, and apparently cheerful. The bitterness of parting was over.

#### EPILOGUE.

THAT gallant young King never revisited the little island of the rose-weavers. He wedded, for diplomatic reasons, a neighbouring Princess, and in time grew stout, careworn, and prosaic.

Poetry and romance with Kings, as with



ordinary beings, have their season. We cannot be ever young, and ever in love !

One day, in commemoration of a peace, a splendid pageant took place in the capital. The Sovereign, as he drove carelessly through the gaily-decorated streets, was struck by a little group in a balcony.

It was a beautiful woman, surrounded by her children, three little girls, each a copy of their mother. By her side stood a stalwart, sunburnt, elderly man, whose occupation was evidently of a rural nature.

"Who is that lady?" asked the Sovereign, as the carriage passed at a snail's pace under the window.

"That lady, your Majesty," was the reply, "is the daughter of your Majesty's head forester."

"I remember quite well," said the King quickly, aroused from his lethargic mood.

"Berg, of the Island Klö."

"Exactly, your Majesty."

"And who is her husband?"

"A German professor, your Majesty, whose name I don't remember."

The King glanced once at the occupants of the balcony and then sank into a reverie. Every incident of that island visit now came back to him, clearly as if of yesterday. And looking back on the intervening years, he wished that he had done as he said, abdicated for the sake of the beautiful Ermengarde, and let love be lord of all. "Yes, life can be dull, unsatisfactory, hardly worth living for, even to a King," he thought. "I was forced into a marriage against my will. What is a man good for after that?"

"I don't think much of your King, mamma!" cried the eldest girl, the little thirteen-year-old Ermengarde, to her mother. "You said he was so bright and handsome. He looks half asleep, and as if he took no interest in anything."

"And he saw you, mamma," said the second child. "He ought to have stopped and spoken to you, since he knew you on your island."

Thus the children prattled on, and Ermengarde let them say what they would. She had never been dissatisfied with her lot, and had never given way to vain retrospection. But, like her lover, she forgot nothing. Ofttimes in her dreaming hours she was the rose-weaver talking gaily to the King's Messenger. Her husband was worthy of her; she adored her children; but romance for her had ended on a certain summer day, fifteen years before.

## MINERAL WATERS.

READERS of "Vanity Fair" may remember the agonies of Jos Sedley after the rack-punch at Vauxhall. "Soda-water was not invented yet. Small beer—will it be believed?—was the only drink with which unhappy gentlemen soothed the fever of their previous night's potation." After all, we may be allowed to breathe a sigh of regret for the small beer. That small beer of other days was often deliciously cool and refreshing, as when drunk beneath the eaves of some thatched cottage in the country, amid the scent of sweet, homely flowers, and the murmur of bees from the hives close by. There would be a rough wooden board stuck in the hedge by the garden gate with the legend rudely inscribed upon it:

Small beer, sold heer,

to which rustic wit would often have surreptitiously added "very deer." But in point of fact it was not at all dear; a great jugful could be had for a few coppers, and the great jug might be emptied without fear of riotous consequences. But the village "small beer" brewer has passed away, and vanished, too, has the amiable spouse, whose life was divided between maternal duties and the chronicling of small beer.

But to return from this digression among paths which only lead away from our subject—if our familiar friend the soda-water bottle was unknown in the palmy days of Vauxhall and rack-punch, we may conclude that, artificial mineral waters being unknown, there was a much more general use of the natural products of mineral springs. To take the waters—whether at Bath or Tonbridge, Harrogate or Cheltenham, or coming nearer home, at Sadler's Wells, Hampstead, Acton, or Islington—was a practice almost universal, and a visit to some near or distant mineral springs was the ordinary holiday alike of townsfolk and countryfolk in days when sea-side watering-places were but little visited. In Yorkshire, indeed, to go a-späing is still the vernacular for taking a holiday, even if it be spent on coast, or loch, or mountain side.

At all the more famous springs a considerable trade was done in the supply of their appropriate waters in jugs, bottles, or stone jars, for the benefit of those who were unable to travel to the fountain-head, or for visitors who desired to continue

their course of mineral waters after their return to their native fields. It was generally found, however, that the virtues of the waters evaporated in the process, the said virtues being often the result of a lively imagination, and their benefits due as much to change of scene and habits, accompanied by fresh air and exercise, as to any occult medicinal properties.

But the demand for mineral waters set the chemists of the period at work to find out some artificial substitute for the natural product; and soon after the close of the long European war which ended in the downfall of the first Napoleon, a German chemist, Dr. Struve, after careful analysis of the waters of the famous 'continental springs, established in various continental capitals and at Brighton in England, so many spas, where these mineral waters could be taken, as supplied by chemical processes. As for these strongly aerated waters, so pleasant and refreshing when drunk fresh from the fountain, but which soon became mawkish—their chemical substitutes were found to possess so much more life and potency in their bottled forms, that a demand for them speedily grew up. Dr. Struve's success earned for him the title of the "father of mineral waters." But for all that, it does not appear that he was responsible for the existence of soda-water. Indeed, the actual inventor, or discoverer rather, of this highly popular beverage, has not, so far as we know, been recorded.

Soda-water, no doubt, on its first appearance, was regarded as something medicinal; and its popular use was, as hinted at by the author of "Vanity Fair," to allay the feverish symptoms due to an over-night's potation. As there are many natural mineral waters which principally owe their efficacy to the presence of carbonate of soda, there are medicinal purposes for which our British soda-water may prove equally efficacious as that of famous foreign "sources;" but it should be borne in mind that whenever prescribed medicinally it is advisable to procure the same from the chemist, who is generally supplied by makers who devote themselves specially to the manufacture of mineral waters, according to formulas tested by chemical analysis.

But the wonderfully increased demand for aerated waters which has led to a corresponding development in their manufacture, has really little to do with their medicinal properties. As agreeable, re-

freshing, and generally wholesome drinks, they have taken their place among the necessities of life in hot weather; and their use is spreading and increasing both among those who are not averse to alcoholic drinks and those who abstain from them. To the former class, a simple aerated water, which may contain a small proportion of carbonate of soda, commends itself as a happy medium for mixing with wine or spirits; while for temperance folk there are carbonated waters flavoured with all kinds of fruit essences and syrups. But it is not generally realised how immense is the trade which has sprung up under these conditions, a trade with organs of its own, "The Mineral Water Trade Journal" and "Review," with associations and alliances for various objects, and which has given rise to many subsidiary industries in the way of machine making, bottle making, box and case making, and the distilling of essences, oils, and syrups of every description.

The mineral water trade is now in full swing, and among the many thousands who are quenching their thirst with these refreshing beverages, perhaps there are a few who are ignorant of the processes which these myriads of bottles and syphons go through before they reach the consumer. Such, indeed, was the case with the writer of this paper when he found himself in Kentish Town on the look-out for a mineral water factory, for which he had an order of admittance. Now, Kentish Town is not a manufacturing neighbourhood, and there are no tall chimneys to mark the site of extensive works; but the manufacture of mineral waters is so free from any kind of noxious elements, that it might be carried on in the midst of Mayfair without affecting the susceptibilities of the daintiest of its denizens. And thus there is only a "porte cochère" to break the line of ordinary middle-class houses, and the name of the firm, "Idris and Co." over the doorway, to attract the notice of passers-by.

The "porte cochère" leads into a paved yard, where a van is waiting to take up a load of goods, all packed in boxes with compartments; and there are piles of cases of empty bottles and packages of various kinds scattered about. A jet of steam is at work about the interior of some barrels, and the regular beat of a steam-engine can be heard from within, the sound varied by an occasional pop as though from a pistol shooting gallery.

The engine-room first claims attention,

where a small steam-engine supplies the requisite power throughout the factory, and works a small dynamo which now and then coruscates in brilliant sparks and flashes. Close at hand is the generating chamber, a strong boiler-like structure, into which carbonate of lime, in the form of whiting, is introduced, while a modicum of sulphuric acid is let in through a supply-pipe. Could we see through the copper casing of the boiler, we should no doubt witness a considerable fizz; and a considerable quantity of carbonic acid gas is produced at each operation, which, after passing through a purifying and filtering process, finally reaches a gasometer—on the same principle as those huge constructions to be seen outside gas-works. From this gas-holder pipes conduct the carbonic acid gas into closed vessels of copper or bronze full of water, where the process of aerating the water is carried on, a process which is rendered more effective by revolving beaters, after the fashion of a churn, which keep the waters within in a constant turmoil. From these charging-chambers the aerated water is carried to the machines which perform the task of bottling and securing the now strongly-aerated and highly-effervescent waters.

All these latter processes are carried on in a large hall or shed lighted from above, and dotted about with machines of various forms, about which are clustered a number of workpeople, both male and female. It is a watery scene. There are the tanks, first of all, in which bottles are washed, where whirling brushes distribute spray around, and jets of water spring forth to irrigate the insides of bottles. In the matter of bottle washing, human ingenuity has been busy with all kinds of labour-saving contrivances, and as different forms of bottles require different modes of treatment, the variety of machinery is very great.

Complicated too and ingenious is the machinery for filling or charging the bottles. There is a machine which only requires to be fed with bottles and corks, and which then turns out a constant supply of bottled soda-water, lemonade, or whatever kind of drink may be required, at the rate of sixty dozen bottles an hour, or a dozen bottles a minute. The machine keeps two girls or more constantly at work, wiring on the corks; these girls, too, work with the rapidity and certainty of machinery: the wires are ready to their hands with the preliminary twirl already made, and more

quickly than the eye can follow the process the wire is affixed and the bottle passed on in a completed form. But there are other machines that outstrip this in speed, those for instance that deal with the new-fangled bottles that contain their own stoppers, in the form of glass balls within the neck of the bottles, and these are filled head downwards and stopper themselves, and are passed on at a rate of speed quite amazing.

Here, too, are machines for filling the syphons, so called, although these do not work on the principle of the syphon, but that of the force-pump. But we have borrowed the name from the French, with whom the "siphon" has for long almost superseded the bottled "eau de Seltz." It is only of late years that there has been any great trade in these syphons in England; but their use is greatly spreading, as a convenient form for the domestic storage of aerated waters. It has often excited our wonder, as to how these syphons were charged, without letting all the fizz escape from them. But now the mystery is solved; here we see how it is done—how the syphon is turned upside down, placed in a cage of wire gauze, and filled through the throat, or discharge-pipe. A gas jet burning behind the gauze cage shows the operator when the syphon is properly filled, which is a matter of a very few seconds. In this, as in the bottle-filling machines, it must be remarked that the "syrup," flavoured with the particular essence required, is supplied by the same automatic process as the aerated water—the exact charge required being pumped into each bottle or syphon with mathematical accuracy.

The wire gauze cages in which the syphons are enclosed, and the eye protectors worn by the young ladies engaged in the wiring process, suggest the cause of the reports, like pistol-shots, that occasionally ring through the building. A dial over each machine shows the pressure of the carbonic acid gas which has been forced into the water. In the case of the syphons it is as high as one hundred and seventy pounds to the square inch, and of the bottles, from one hundred to one hundred and ten pounds. It is not every bottle that will stand this pressure, and even a syphon, though of exceptional strength, may have a weak point somewhere, and hence these arrangements in the way of wire gauze; although accidents are rare, and the men employed rather scorn such precautions. But as for bottles, they will

fly; and it has been calculated that there is a loss of nearly fifteen per cent. of bottles used, by breakages of various kinds, but chiefly in the process of filling.

There is one feature that deserves to be mentioned about the complicated network of pipes, cylinders, and machines of different kinds employed in the bottling of the various aerated waters, many of which have a solvent or mordant influence upon lead and copper. All the pipes are lined with tin, and the copper cylinders are coated with silver internally to ensure the purity of the manufacture.

The next department of the factory to be visited contrasts strangely in its quietude and stillness with the busy scene of gurgling waters and rattling bottles and cases, and of machines working with a certain amount of fizz and splutter. This is the still-room, indeed, as our grandmothers would have called it, devoted to the making and storage of fruit and other essences used in the flavouring of the various beverages in demand. Great vessels of stoneware and alembics of various kinds are in evidence, and there is certainly a delicious fragrance as of tropical and other fruits. Here is the great storehouse and armoury of Madame Temperance, whose wines are the pure juices of fruits unchanged and unperverted by fermentation. This result is obtained by placing the bottled essence, already securely corked, in a bath of hot water, which is raised to a temperature of  $180^{\circ}$ —a heat which destroys all the germs of fermentation as well contained in the liquid as in the modicum of air which is necessarily included in the bottle. Then if the cork be really air-tight, the fruit essence will keep for almost any length of time. Our guide uncorks a bottle of raspberry essence, which has been bottled a year, but which is as fresh and fragrant as the fruit gathered fresh from the canes. Then there is lemon essence, extracted from the peel of fresh lemons; and lime juice, which is the product of fruit gathered in Demerara in 1885.

Of course all this work is carried on in the fruit season, when many tons of various kinds of fruit are converted into juice. Curiously enough, the residual products of these operations, the skins and pips that is, meet with a ready sale for purposes unknown to the vendor, but which may be guessed at as perhaps having some connection with the cheap jam trade.

From the still-room, to use the grand-

motherly phrase, we pass into the chemical laboratory, with its array of bottles and apparatus devoted to testing and analysing the various products of the factory, and to experimental researches in the field of unfermented beverages. And from the laboratory we are taken into a high place where are rows of tanks made of slate, and containing distilled water mixed with the due proportion of mineral or other salts required for the supply of the artificial mineral waters, such as the seltzer, potash, lithia, and soda waters, which have a distinct medicinal value. And beyond is the distilling apparatus itself, which supplies an ideal aqua pura, that is not an ideal drink taken by itself, as while parting with all taint of its earthy origin, it has lost that briskness and freshness which earthy matters sometimes afford. However, nobody is expected to drink it in that state, and when duly mixed and aerated it forms the premier crus of the mineral-water dealer.

But after dwelling on the merits of all these refined preparations, it is pleasant to find that the genuine, old-fashioned, homely ginger-beer of our youth, which as far as one knows has no particular virtues of any kind, except that useful one of quenching the thirst, is still in strong demand, and is liberally purveyed by our manufacturers. Here it stands ranged according to age in great stacks or bins; the great difficulty, we are told, is to keep it long enough, for with the first burst of hot weather, stocks are cleared off, and dealers come clamouring for more, and the beverage does not get a fair chance of maturing. But to the disgust of everybody, and especially of mineral-water dealers, the hot weather has been very late in putting in an appearance. The compensation is that ginger-beer is in fine condition.

There is a little chemical lore, too, to be gathered about ginger-beer. Ginger, it seems, supplies its own ferment, in the form of a kind of mould or fungoid growth which has the properties of good yeast. Hence if care is taken not to raise the temperature of the infusion to a height which destroys the germ, ginger-beer can be made to advantage without the introduction of any artificial ferment.

And so, after a modest quencher of this most excellent beverage, we are strengthened to ascend once more to regions where another kind of manufacture is carried on. Our guide throws open a door looking out upon an inner courtyard, and reveals piles



of cases filled with glass vessels all of one size and shape. These are the vases which are to form the syphons of the future—they all come from abroad, from France or Germany; for some reason or other English glass-works cannot produce them. But while the vases themselves are imported, all the fittings that go to make the complete syphon are made on the premises, cast from tin—the collars, the screwtops, the taps and levers, cast, and bored, and turned, and polished. Syphons whose fittings contain lead should be avoided, as if the aerated water has remained long in the syphon, it is likely to become more or less impregnated with lead. As a refinement upon ordinary syphons, some are made with silver-plated fittings; and here comes in the dynamo which we saw at the beginning of our perambulations. But into the mysteries of electro-plating we will not enter.

Here, too, are made the seltzogenes—which syphons have rather put into the shade, but which are still useful, and used in regions beyond the range of mineral-water carts. And these seltzogenes bring us, as it were, to the infancy of the manufacture. For most people can remember strange and weird specimens of earlier contrivances of the kind, some cased in leather bands, others enclosed in wicker-work, found in country houses and old-fashioned abodes; but the secret of manipulating which was generally lost. The writer remembers a very ancient specimen of the kind which must have been one of the forefathers of the seltzogene—a glass vessel of many curious parts, into which were introduced pounded marble and sulphuric acid, the result being a slightly acidulated and slightly aerated drink, which was hardly worth the trouble of all the elaborate preparations which were made for its manufacture.

Altogether, we have been agreeably surprised at the variety and interest attaching to the manufacture of mineral waters, and now curiosity is aroused as to the possibility of estimating the general movement of a trade which is taking such a wide development. But where shall we look for the statistics on which to base any general estimate? Here our host suggests a rough way of making a guess at the general trade of London. It has been estimated that six thousand horses are employed, in London alone, in what is called mineral-water vanning. For each horse at work it may be fairly

calculated that three people are employed—men, women, and girls—and that would give a total of eighteen thousand persons, whose livelihoods are dependent on the success of the trade. Six thousand horses, too, would imply that about two thousand vans are drawn about—and at a good pace—by the said horses, and it is generally estimated in the trade that a van, to do any good, must carry out a thousand pounds' worth of stuff in the year. Two thousand by a thousand gives two millions, which is probably not very far from the mark; that is, mineral waters to the value of two millions of pounds are sold in London every year.

## RED TOWERS.

By ELEANOR C. PRICE.

*Author of "Gerald," "Alexia," etc., etc.*

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XVI. A SONNET.

THERE was, no doubt, a great deal of truth and justice in all that Canon Percival said to Paul after dinner, to which Paul listened with his head bent down, silent, because of a most strange, unreasonable feeling that he could not speak without defending Celia. And then the Canon would have thought him either wicked or mad, for how could any right-thinking man defend or even excuse her? Besides, the Canon was not at all in a state for argument, if anything of the kind had been decently possible.

He had never been so shocked in his life. Celia's conduct was unheard-of, scandalous. To be sure, she had been badly brought up; her father and mother had been poor sort of examples to her; but there had been a time when certainly there were better hopes of her.

However, the Canon had never approved of that French marriage; and he could feel no more respect for a woman who could change her religion, like a pair of gloves, in order to make life in a foreign country less troublesome. But all that, of course, was nothing to her present doings. Her extraordinary disrespect for her husband's memory, her utter want of feeling, even of decency, were only equalled by her astounding coolness and insolence. She had again changed her religion, returning to the Church of England. This was news to Paul.

"A most valuable recovery!" said the

Canon, who was seldom goaded into sarcasm, being a good-tempered man.

The wonder was, in his opinion, that she had not proposed a gay wedding in Woolsborough Cathedral, with anthems and wedding marches. However, it was almost as bad to invite her uncle and aunt to a quiet marriage in London, actually asking him, Canon Percival, to degrade himself by performing the ceremony. Of course he had flatly refused; nothing would induce him or Mrs. Percival to have anything more to do with her. He flattered himself that she thoroughly understood his feeling on the subject, and his hope that he should see and hear as little more of her as possible. That she was to be his daughter-in-law was of course a terrible addition to the grief of it all; and the poor Canon went on to speak very bitterly of Vincent.

"That woman," he said, "has been the ruin of him. Mrs. Percival tells me that the attachment is one of long standing; and she thinks it was at the bottom of Celia's breaking off with you. You had a fortunate escape, Paul. But why, in Heaven's name, did she not marry him then? What was the object of marrying that Frenchman, poor fellow, if she did not care for him?"

"How should I know? I suppose she had her reasons," said Paul.

"Bad reasons—bad, like everything else about her," said the Canon.

Paul escaped as soon as he could, and went into the drawing-room, which he found empty. After dreaming over the fire for some time, he went to the piano, and sat there playing wild, melancholy music, which took him back to the woods and the heathery wastes of Anjou.

Once more he was walking with Achille de Montmirail, and listening to his kind voice as he talked, and watching the brightness in his face, as there looked out a soul whose judgements were different, larger, more generous than those of ordinary men. Even then, it had struck Paul's fancy as very strange that the Marquis's last trouble of mind should be—not that his wife did not love him as he loved her—but the fear that he had in any way hindered the happiness of her life.

Such a feeling, no doubt, such an almost exaggerated generosity was more to be expected from a very spiritual woman's nature than from any man. It was a wonderful thing to exist in a simple, cheer-

ful, straightforward Frenchman, like Achille de Montmirail.

And what would he say now, this poor soul, forgotten and outraged by the woman whose happiness had been his one anxiety? Other people might be angry for him; it was right that they should be; but what would he say, if he knew? Would he find it an unpardonable sin, if she chose to take her happiness in her own way? Somehow Paul suspected that he would judge his wife more tenderly than any one else did. Perhaps, he thought, some day he might be able to make Antoinette understand this, and forgive Celia, for whom she always seemed to feel something of her father's generous love.

Paul went on playing softly, till Mrs. Percival came into the room, when he stopped, and got up from the piano.

"What were you playing, Paul?" she said.

"Just then," he answered, "I was playing a sonnet of Shakespeare's—you know it—'No longer mourn for me when I am dead.' And, do you know, I was thinking of somebody who might have given that sonnet to his wife, and meant every word of it. I was thinking that he would not have wanted her friends to be too hard on her. Of course I could not say so to the Canon."

"Of course not, you odd boy!" said Mrs. Percival, smiling, though her eyes were full of tears. "Well, I dare say you may be partly right; he was rather like a saint, or a poet, or something of that sort. But whatever he may have been, however forgiving and beautiful—I should call it rather unnatural, not exactly human—"

"Supernatural, superhuman," murmured Paul.

"Well, I don't know—we are human, after all, and it is better to be what we are. Anyhow, it does not alter right and wrong. She is behaving most abominably. So is Vincent, but she has led him on; and, after all, he has cared about her for years."

"That may be her excuse, too," said Paul. "I think—it would have been better if she had married him a long time ago."

Mrs. Percival sighed. "What is the use of looking back!" she said. "Come and sit by the fire. Nobody will interrupt us. She has gone to her room, and Antoinette is with her. That poor child is rather puzzled at her stepmother's proceedings. How she is to be told, I don't know."

"It won't be so hard, because she is very noble, and can bear things," said Paul.

He followed Mrs. Percival to the fire and sat down opposite to her, leaning forward with his head upon his hands.

"It all seems like a bad dream," he said. "I suppose we shall wake some day. In five more years you will have them coming home from India, and it will be all quite natural. Do you think they will be happy?"

"Few people ever deserved it less," said Mrs. Percival. "No, Paul; as you ask me, I don't. I know them both too well."

"Poor Celia! Then that will be punishment enough for her."

"I don't pity her in the least," said Mrs. Percival. "She has arranged things all along to please herself. It is impossible, except for two or three foolish men, to pity or love a nature like Celia. As to Vincent, of course I am sorry for him; he is my own child."

Paul did not make much answer to this.

"Two or three foolish men!" he repeated to himself, smiling a little. "You did not always think it such foolishness, did you?"

"I always had my misgivings; she was always a strange girl," said Mrs. Percival. "Don't reproach me now, Paul."

"I didn't dream of reproaching you. I was wondering whether I should venture to tell you about something else—because I should rather like to know your opinion—though it may never come to anything, and certainly won't for a long time, till all this affair has blown over. But I have been thinking of nothing else, all these last weeks, and I came here to-day with only one idea. Your letter rather encouraged me. Are you too much bothered to listen to me now?"

Mrs. Percival's face brightened; her sympathy, as Paul knew, was always ready, and she had a power of throwing off unpleasant thoughts, which most people might have envied her.

"My dear," she said, "I shall be very glad if you will give me something nice to think about."

Paul then went on to talk about Antoinette de Montmirail, as he might have talked to his mother. His manner was quiet, grave, and restrained; but Mrs. Percival saw that a great change had come over him since that day in the summer when he told her he had lost his faith in women. This gentle French girl, almost a child still, with the beauty of a pure and truthful soul shining in her face, with the

grief that she had borne so heroically, with her lonely place in the world, and now her desertion by the one person who would have been likely to take care of her; this child, born for happiness, over whose life for five years the half-seen clouds had been gathering, had most unconsciously proved her womanhood by making a conquest of Paul. One might say that he had come out of Armida's garden, and then, after walking across a desert, found himself unexpectedly at the gate of Paradise. He told Mrs. Percival the story from the beginning—his meeting Antoinette in Roche's shop at Tours, that day, and then her father's words to him, which made the thing seem possible, and then the tragedy, and the days after it, and the journey home, and all his doubts, and thoughts, and broodings since. Mrs. Percival listened, smiling, her brown eyes shining as she asked little questions now and then; those eyes of hers smiled Paul's most secret confidences out of him now, as they always did long ago.

"No, I should not feel anxious about her," she said. "She is very affectionate, and so perfectly simple in all her ideas. I must say for Celia that she has not spoiled that child; she has very wisely kept her innocent and young. She knows nothing of the world; but that doesn't matter. Yes, I think you can make her happy if you choose, Paul."

But Mrs. Percival did not speak very positively, and she sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" said Paul.

"I don't know—I am a little afraid of foreign connections, perhaps. I am not sure that it is the wisest thing for you—so many different ideas."

Paul went on to point out that different ideas mattered absolutely nothing at all, if people cared for each other.

"Perhaps they don't, for a few months," said Mrs. Percival. "But life is not tuned to that pitch for ever, my dear Paul."

"Well, all that is not the question now," he said, a little impatiently. "Tell me, do you think I am a lunatic? Do you think she has the smallest liking at all for me?"

"I think she likes you very much indeed," said Mrs. Percival. "Partly because her father did, you understand. As to the sort of liking you want, I need hardly say that she doesn't know what it is. And I am a little afraid that this behaviour of Celia's will make her hate everything and everybody English."

Paul thought over these remarks without making any reply. He thought perhaps, in one thing, he was wiser than Mrs. Percival, remembering certain looks from those "sweetest eyes," which had answered his own.

"Celia told me something she had done for Antoinette," Mrs. Percival went on presently. "She was in Paris the other day, you know. I could not understand what she went for; but it seems that she went on purpose to settle this business. The poor old Tour Blanche belonged to her; she has made some arrangement, some alteration, and gives it up to Antoinette. Perfectly right and fair, and a comfort to herself, I should think, for she could never wish to go there again. Most of the furniture is hers, I believe; but that could easily— Well, Paul, it is getting late, and I don't think you are listening to me."

"Indeed I am. Does Mademoiselle de Montmirail know of this?"

"No, she knows nothing—nothing. Nor will she know anything, I suppose, till this dreadful marriage is over."

"And, now that I have told you, do you mind my staying a few days?"

"Stay by all means if you like. But don't make the complications worse by saying anything now."

"You may trust me, Mrs. Percival."

"Very well. Remember that I do."

There was a train to London from Woolsborough before eight o'clock, generally known as "the early train," and regarded as a tormenting monster by all the good people of Woolsborough Close. It was a fast train, arriving in London before twelve, so that convenience often got the better of comfort, and filled its carriages with dignified clergy and their families, even in such months as November and December. Paul found that Celia was going to London by this train; he also found that Canon and Mrs. Percival had given no orders to be called earlier than usual; and on the whole it seemed that he must see Celia off. So he left the house quietly in the first glimmer of morn-

ing, and walked down in a cold, frosty fog to the station, and was standing there on the steps when Canon Percival's carriage drove up, with Madame de Montmirail, her maid, and quantities of luggage. It looked as if Celia was leaving River Gate, never to return; though, strange contradiction, she was about to marry the only son of the house.

Celia was very much wrapped up, and her long black veil was down; she shivered with the cold, even her voice trembling a little as she said to Paul:

"This is kind of you!"

"Have you seen nobody else?" Paul could not help asking, as they paced together up and down the cold, dark, dreary platform.

None of the chapter, it appeared, were going to town that morning.

"Aunt Flo came to her door and kissed me," Celia answered. "She is not so vicious, poor old dear, if the Canon would let her alone, and of course she is devoted to—to Vincent. I made a mistake in coming down here myself to break it to them. He ought to have come; he would have managed his mother. I saw nobody else—except poor Netta, of course. She was down; she likes getting up early, even in weather like this, and she is also foolish enough to be rather fond of me. *Pauvre petite!* I wonder what will become of her!"

Paul said nothing.

"You said last night," she went on, "that you would do anything in the world for me—but perhaps you don't mean it this morning?"

Paul felt himself flushing with a sudden surprise. Perhaps not unnaturally, he thought she was going to say something about Antoinette.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I do mean it. I will do anything in the world for you."

"You are very trusting," she said. "I don't think you have altered for the worse. Well—will you come to my wedding?"

He could answer nothing but: "I will."

It was a difficulty from which there was only one way out; a tolerably bad one, but straight forward.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

By C. L. PIRKIS.

*Author of "A Dateless Bargain," etc.*

### CHAPTER XIX.

"WHY should I be made to do an unworthy thing? Why cannot this thing, in itself right and expedient, be accomplished by honest, straightforward means?" reasoned Madge with herself on the day following Sir Peter's departure, as she thought over her emphatic rejection of Mr. Stubbs's obsequiously-offered services.

She had risen that morning strong in her resolve, not only to further what she conceived to be Lance's best interests in life, but to do so by means which consorted with her own honesty of purpose and integrity of heart. Miss Shore should be told simply and plainly that her services as an artist were no longer required, and that it would be esteemed a favour by herself and Lady Judith if she would as soon as possible continue her journey to the North.

Lady Judith must of course be previously consulted on the matter; so Madge adverted to it across the breakfast-table.

Her remark, however, fell literally on deaf ears. Lady Judith had come down to breakfast with no fewer than five telegrams in her hand, and a tirade against Lance on her lips. She had quite forgotten that "he was a good fellow at heart, and that she had always said it," and now remembered only his "heedlessness and want of respect for his elders." Four out of the five telegrams had been despatched at different stages of Sir Peter's journey to town, and simply reported that he was "getting along all right;" the

fifth had been sent the first thing that morning, just to show that he was up and doing. As, however, the first four had arrived at Lower Upton overnight too late for delivery, the whole five had been brought in a batch to the Castle the first thing that morning.

Lady Judith tossed them all contemptuously across the table to Madge.

"You may read just whichever you like first, my dear," she said. "It doesn't in the least matter which. One properly-worded telegram would have done for the whole lot. Will you tell me that that young man ever lifts his little finger to keep Sir Peter from making himself ridiculous? It's my belief if Sir Peter ever settles down quietly for ten minutes, he isn't happy till he has set him going again. And now that they're both away together, with no one to look after them, what will happen goodness only knows!" And so forth.

Madge, so soon as a pause occurred, tried to bring the talk round to Miss Shore.

All in vain. Lady Judith, bent on Sir Peter's misdoings, continued her harangue.

"He'll be sixty-three on the twenty-first of this month, and will you tell me he has one whit more sense than a boy of sixteen? Philanthropy do you call it?" (Madge, by way of diversion, had remarked that the veal-and-ham pie on the table was particularly good.) "A nice sort of philanthropy that is, which lays burthens upon other people's shoulders, and straightway forgets all about them! Now I wonder how many incapables he'll pick up in London streets this time to bring back with him. I can only hope that the waggonette will be big enough to seat them all."

And once upon the topic of protégés, Lady Judith did not let it go until the whole army of Sir Peter's waifs and strays had been passed in review. The squinting stable-boy, the bow-legged gardener's lad, the poultry-maid who would have been "in her right place picking oakum in a model prison, instead of tending prize-bred poultry on a model farm." And last, but not least, there was that young woman "who sat all day long in front of an easel doing, so far as any one could see, just nothing at all, who occupied one of the best bedrooms—and I shall want every one of the bedrooms on the west side of the house for the twenty-first—and who won't condescend to give any account of herself or her belongings, but conducts herself as if she were an Empress with her pedigree before the world. But I do think, my dear, now that Sir Peter is away and not likely to make a fuss on the matter, that you might just put a question or two to the young lady as to the length of time her sketches will be likely to occupy. I would interrogate her myself, but she mumbles so I can't hear a word she says. Is she Irish or Welsh, do you think?—ah, be so good as to open that window, the room is stifling!"

Madge rose with alacrity from the table. "I will go this very minute and speak to Miss Shore about her sketches, and if she is not down I will go to her room," she said, scarcely crediting the fortunate chance that made Lady Judith's wishes so thoroughly at one with her own.

At the door, however, leading into the hall, she was intercepted by Mr. Stubbs, who instead of his usual look of carefully-achieved expressionlessness, had "important information to give," plainly written upon his features.

"May I speak with you, madam?" he said. His manner emphasized his request; it seemed to add: "At once and in private?"

Madge led the way to Sir Peter's study. Mr. Stubbs carefully shut the door behind him. "It's about Miss Shore," he began.

Madge slightly bowed but remained standing. "Whatever this man has to tell shall be told quickly and be done with it," she said to herself.

Mr. Stubbs noted her wish for conciseness, and fell in with it.

"I drew your attention, madam, to Miss Shore's eagerness to get the morning papers so soon as they came into the house. To-day I have discovered the reasons for this eagerness," he said.

"Stop," said Madge, "let me ask a question. Do these reasons in any way concern me? If they do not, I must ask you to refrain from communicating to me whatever you may have discovered. I take no interest in Miss Shore or her private affairs."

Mr. Stubbs did not reply immediately. It required a good deal of courage to answer this question point-blank, and nothing but a point-blank answer would suit his purpose.

Presently he got together sufficient courage for the reply.

"It concerns you, madam, so far as the happiness of Mr. Clive concerns you. It is easy to see that he takes the deepest interest in Miss Shore."

Madge flushed scarlet. How she would have enjoyed ordering this man out of the room! But all she said was "Go on," in a low, nervous tone.

Mr. Stubbs went on:

"Since Miss Shore has taken to reading the papers so assiduously, I have taken care to have duplicates of every one sent to the house. All the same I send up every morning to her for the preceding day's papers, telling her that I file them for reference. This morning the papers were sent down to me with one torn at one of the corners, together with the message, that Miss Shore regretted very much that she had torn the paper accidentally. Naturally I refer to my copy of the paper that Miss Shore had torn 'accidentally,' and in the torn column I find this paragraph."

Here he unfolded a newspaper which he held in his hand, and spread it before Madge on the table, indicating a paragraph.

Madge read as follows:

"The little fishing village of Santa Maura, on the coast of Corsica, has been thrown into a state of excitement by a singular attempt at murder. The intended victim was a Count Palliardini, who was staying at a little chalet he owned among the mountains. The murder must have been attempted by some one well acquainted with the Count's habit of sleeping during the early part of the evening. While he thus slept, it seems the wine which stood beside him on a small table had poison put into it, and on awakening and drinking it he was seized with all the symptoms of narcotic poisoning. Thanks, however, possibly to the insufficiency of the dose and to the promptness of the remedies administered, he recovered. The strangest part of the story remains

to tell. The Countess Palliardini—the Count's mother—was seated just within the door of the house with her back to the light. She had not lighted the lamps, she stated at the judicial inquiry, because it was too hot to do anything but fan herself and eat sweetmeats. As she sat thus in the twilight, she chanced to lift her eyes to a mirror which hung over the stoveplace facing the door. To her great surprise she saw reflected in it, not only the shadowy trees of the garden, but also the face and figure of a woman, who must have been standing immediately outside the door. For the moment she was too startled to move. When she recovered herself and went out into the garden, the woman was gone. Up to the present moment the police have been unsuccessful in their endeavours to discover the perpetrator of the crime."

"It is monstrous! incredible!" she said, not addressing Mr. Stubbs, but uttering her own thoughts, and moving towards the door as she spoke with the newspaper in her hand.

Mr. Stubbs stood between her and the door.

"May I ask what you intend to do, madam?" he said.

"Do!" replied Madge hotly, "there is only one thing to do. Go straight to her, tell her we have found out who she is, and advise her to get out of the house as quickly as possible."

Madge had a fine reputation in the county for a kind heart and a generous temper; but if at that moment she could by "*lettres de cachet*" have consigned that "girl in grey" to a cellar-prison, there was little doubt but what she would gladly have exchanged that reputation of hers for that of the Pompadour.

"Pardon me, madam, if I suggest a more prudent course. We know who she is—you and I, that is—but it would be difficult to impress other people with our convictions as matters stand at present."

How the "you and I" grated upon Madge's ear even in that moment of excitement!

"What do you propose doing, then?" she asked curtly.

"I propose to make the young lady convict herself, and of her own free will take flight from the house and keep out of our way—out of Mr. Clive's way," this was said with a furtive but keen look into Madge's face, which once more sent the blood mounting to her brow.

"You see it is just this," Mr. Stubbs

went on after a moment's pause. "I have farther evidence to produce; but all the same it is not evidence that cannot be disputed, and if we make a martyr of the young lady, and other persons"—here another keen look into Madge's face—"choose to constitute themselves her champions and contest that evidence, we simply put ourselves in an ugly light and the young lady into a favourable one."

Again that odious "We!"

"But there is no room for doubt on the matter," Madge cried. "She comes into the house under an assumed name; she refuses to give an account of herself; she dares not look into a mirror; she is eager for the daily papers; she tears out a paragraph that might criminate her. No one in their senses could refuse to believe such evidence!"

"Is a man in love ever in his senses?" said Mr. Stubbs coolly, and now looking Madge full in the face.

Madge winced at his words, but dared not grow furious at them.

"My dear madam," Mr. Stubbs went on when he saw that his words and look combined had done satisfactory work, "every one of the circumstances you have mentioned could be explained, by any romantic, pitiful story the young lady might choose to concoct. You might suggest our handing her over to the police on the strength of our suspicions. That would be simply to make stronger still her claim to sympathy. It is more than likely that the police could not substantiate any charge against her, for there is nothing said in this paragraph as to the Countess Palliardini's power to identify the face she saw. No, no, my dear madam, take my advice: you want this young lady turned out of the house as soon as possible, as quietly as possible, as finally as possible. Let us make her eject herself. I have a plan to propose—"

Madge here cut short his sentences with the abruptly-put question: "What is the other evidence of which you spoke just now?"

Mr. Stubbs drew from his pocket a roll of card-board which he spread before Madge on the table.

On it was sketched in water-colours, slightly and roughly, a mountain, at the base of which was a small country house. A gloomy sky had been lightly washed in, and high over one of the mountain peaks shone out a bright star. The foreground of the picture was unfinished.

Mr. Stubbs watched the changes in Madge's face as she looked at the sketch.

"Do you remember, madam," he asked, "that Mr. Clive on one occasion advised Miss Shore to paint out what was in her eyes so that she might be able to see what was outside them?"

Madge stared at him. "It was said in my presence," she answered, "but you were not there."

"I was just behind the venetian blinds in the billiard-room, and could not help hearing the remark."

Madge, remembering a certain occasion on which she had been an unwilling listener behind those self-same blinds, could say nothing to this.

"Miss Shore followed Mr. Clive's advice. Two days afterwards I found this sketch among some others in a less advanced stage in a waste-paper basket which a housemaid was bringing across the gallery from Miss Shore's room."

"Across the gallery from Miss Shore's room!" repeated Madge, almost dumb-founded at the deliberate system of espionage which these words revealed.

"In the course of my chequered career, madam, I have occasionally found waste-paper baskets to be mines of hidden treasures," said Mr. Stubbs, answering the thought written on her face.

Madge wondered whether, "in the course of his chequered career," he had served his time in a private enquiry office, but did not express the wonder.

"You will observe, madam," he went on to say, "that this sketch was torn in half, and that I have pieced it together at the back. No doubt, after Miss Shore, in pursuance of Mr. Clive's advice, had made two or three such sketches, she found herself able to paint not what was in her mind, but what was before her. She had no other object than this in making these sketches, and consequently destroyed them when finished. Now, if you will be good enough to turn your attention once more to the paragraph we have just been reading, you will see that in it are mentioned mountains, ravines, and a small country house—all are in this picture. The time given for the attempt at murder is the early evening, in other words, the twilight. This is a twilight scene—look at the star fully painted out, though the picture in other parts is merely outlined."

"Yet," cried Madge, "in the face of all this you tell me we have not evidence sufficient to convict this young woman of

an attempt at murder, to the minds of people who have a fair amount of common-sense."

"Has a young man of seven-and-twenty, supposing that he has eyes in his head, much common-sense at command in the presence of a beautiful, mysterious, and forlorn young woman?"

Madge winced again; yet her common-sense was forced to admit the truth of Mr. Stubbs's remark. Beauty, mystery, forlornness, had been the three-fold cord that had drawn Lance to the side of "that girl in grey."

"Let me repeat," said Mr. Stubbs, noting how the allusions to Lance hit the mark, "that the most effectual way of finally getting rid of this young lady will be to make her eject herself. If you can spare me another quarter of an hour I will fully explain my plan to you. It is the result of careful thought, and I trust it may meet with your approval."

But Mr. Stubbs must have miscalculated the lengthiness of the project he had to unfold, or else he and Madge must have had other subjects of conversation, for not fifteen minutes, no, nor even fifty, saw the end of their interview.

It was close upon luncheon-time when Madge came out of the study. She looked downcast and thoughtful. If Lady Judith, as they sat at luncheon together, had used her eyes with as much energy as she did her tongue, she might have seen that Madge ate next to nothing, and that she toyed incessantly with a small key that hung upon her watch-chain as if its presence there were an irritation to her.

At the end of the meal she had a communication to make which not a little surprised Lady Judith. It was:

"I have been thinking again over the matter; and, if you don't mind, I should like Miss Shore to finish the water-colours she has begun for my little room. She can't be much longer now over them; a fortnight, I should say, would see them finished."

#### A VISIT TO THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD HOSPICE.

FROM early childhood most of us have been familiar with pictures and stories in which the Saint Bernard Monks and dogs, and their isolated mountain home, are the fascinating objects of interest. Thus, when



the opportunity offered to visit the far-famed Hospice, it seemed no strange place for which we were bound, but rather, that acquaintance with a well-known spot was about to be renewed.

We started from hot, mosquito-haunted Martigny in bright, unclouded weather, and our spirits lightened at the thought that we were again ascending the heights; for the Rhone Valley is a saddening exchange from peaks, glaciers, and snow-fields.

At Bourg Saint Pierre, the last village on our journey, records of both far-off and near historical events are to be seen. An ancient Roman milestone by the wayside reminds us that the Pass was known nearly two thousand years ago to the people of that then world-wide Empire; and also that their Emperor Constantine improved the road A.D. 339. The inn where we lunched at this place, by its name *Hôtel Déjeuner de Napoléon*, supplies the modern incident, causing us to remember that Napoleon's memorable crossing of the Alps was by this route.

Saint Pierre, with respect to an all-pervading uninvitingness of appearance, was no exception to the other villages through which we had passed; and wayfarers' comments in the visitors' book at the hotel bore much on the absence of that virtue which is considered to rank next to godliness. Some tourists, who had passed the night in this place, evidently had not found the solitude it was natural to expect during the silent hours of darkness; there had been, it seemed, far too much society in the form of a varied and vivacious assortment of insect life. Plentiful remarks, scattered through the book, upon the subject of dirty and unpalatable food, caused us many ominous forebodings relative to our own luncheon then preparing. Probably these fears predisposed us to deem the meal more tolerable than we might otherwise have considered it; and its unexpected passability apparently induced one of our number to take a most favourable view of affairs generally, and of our unworthy selves particularly. For after we had inscribed our names in the complaining visitors' book, she added the information that our entertainment had afforded us entire satisfaction, because we happily possessed good spirits, good tempers, and good digestions. This assertion was a trifle too optimistic in tone to suit the uncompromising member of our party, and she wrote the one signifi-

cant word, "sometimes," after the egotistical eulogium.

Our next halt was at a deserted-looking inn, named the *Cantine de Proz*. Here the carriage road ends, and the journey has to be concluded on mules or on foot. We chose the former mode of locomotion; although, as we surveyed the ill-fitting, sorry saddles, and the rotten straps tied together with odd pieces of string, in which we had to place our trust, we wondered how long it would be, after we were mounted, before we might find ourselves abruptly and ignominiously deposited on the stony path, or in a water-course. But there was no pretext, on this occasion, for travellers' tales of hairbreadth escapes from dangers by flood and field; and we reached our goal in safety, if not altogether in comfort.

In the neighbourhood of the Hospice, the scenery is intensely drear, and sad, and sombre in character. At an altitude which is too great for the growth of trees or shrubs of any description, we are apt to expect an extensive panorama of lower-lying land to present itself to our gaze; but this highest winter habitation is surrounded solely by snow-streaked mountain summits, and during most of the time of our sojourn, even these were invisible, for we were in cloud-land, and therefore "viewed the mist and missed the view." The dull, yellowish greenish-coloured lake adjacent to the Monastery is, I should imagine, the least lovely of mountain tarns; its chief claim to interest being that the boundary column of Switzerland and Italy, with the names of these countries graven on opposite sides, is situated on the bank.

The beneficent work for which the Saint Bernard Monks are noted, probably inclines us to think of their abode as not altogether unsimilar in appearance to the ancient religious houses of our own land; and, forgetful of the representation in pictures, we were perhaps scarcely prepared to find a building so entirely like a fortress or barrack. When, however, we consider the climatic conditions of this region, we know that the style of structure suited to the sheltered spots mostly occupied by our old Abbeys, would hardly be desirable here, where great solidity is necessary to exclude the excessive cold, and also, as far as possible, to render the edifice avalanche-proof, for, from time to time, in the winter months, news arrives that the Hospice has been partially buried beneath masses of

snow which descended from the overshadowing peaks.

A second, smaller, but substantial building is used as a store-house, or, if necessary, for the reception of poor travellers. But, without doubt, the essential need for its presence is the shelter it would afford in the event of a fire occurring in the Monastery; which, should it happen during the winter months, would probably cause death, from exposure, to the occupants.

A third building, of stone, and rather hut-like in form, with a cross upon it, we found to be the celebrated "Morgue," where are deposited the bodies of those wayfarers whose death-bed has been the snow. The interior presents a ghastly sight. The bodies are clad in winding-sheets, with the faces and hands left uncovered; they are stood up against the walls, in all kinds of attitudes, and at all kinds of angles—there has been no attempt to compose the limbs. The low temperature and dryness of the atmosphere prevents decay, and retards decomposition. Annoyance to the olfactory nerves is consequently very slight; but there was enough, combined with the gruesomeness of the spectacle, to cause my allowing most of the dishes to pass at dinner, which meal happened to follow close upon our inspection of this grim exhibition.

The dead wayfarers are thus located, we are told, that friends may be enabled to recognise the remains; and this is considered possible when so long a time as three years have elapsed after death.

When the bodies fall to pieces the bones are gathered up and deposited in a vault at the rear of the dead-house: separate graves could not easily be excavated in the rocky ground of the Great Saint Bernard. Indeed, in most of the stony, mountainous parts of Switzerland, where cultivable ground is necessarily precious, there seems a difficulty in sparing adequate space for burial, and in these districts it is very usual to find a charnel-house in the churchyard containing a pile of skulls and bones which have been taken from graves to make room for fresh arrivals.

We were somewhat surprised to find that the dogs at the Hospice are of the smooth, short-haired breed, as in pictures they are almost invariably represented as belonging to the rough-coated variety. This latter species, however, I understand was originally employed by the monks, and the remains of the famous "Barry,"

exhibited in the Natural History Museum at Berne, appears to prove this inference. The change seems to have been occasioned by the tendency of the heavy, long hair to absorb the snow.

Many are the anecdotes—possibly more or less apocryphal—relating to the wonderful acts of these remarkably sagacious animals. One of their number, we read, was individually instrumental in saving twenty-two lives, and died in harness through the fall of an avalanche; another, it is narrated, rescued forty strayed or stupefied travellers, among them being a little lad whom this faithful friend of man restored to consciousness by caressing and licking his face and hands; and then the child, so the story runs, climbed upon his deliverer's back, and, clinging round his neck, was thus carried in triumph to the sheltering Hospice. When we look into "Baedeker" for a really authoritative statement, we find "Barry" alone referred to in the brief remark that he "is said to have saved the lives of fifteen persons." But, surely, this is no mean record of work nobly done, and we can extend our hero-worship to "Barry" and his successors; with the latter of whom we felt it an honour to become personally acquainted. And that sense of homage has deepened since we have heard that during the past winter they have been the saviours of six human beings, on whom the shadow of the dark valley had fallen.

The health of the monks, it is stated, suffers greatly through the rigorous temperature of their solitary dwelling; and, after a residence there of about fifteen years, they have to seek a milder air to prolong their shattered lives. The saying "nine months winter, and three months cold," which is, perhaps exaggeratedly, quoted by the natives when referring to the climate of another elevated portion of Switzerland, appears precisely to describe the weather on the Great Saint Bernard, where we found patches of snow lying about our path, although we had been mosquito-bitten in the morning at Martigny. After dinner we should doubtless have gladly accepted the offer of a fire being lighted for our special benefit, had we not been aware that payment for our fare and board was optional, and also that fuel is so valuable a commodity in those regions that as many as twenty horses, or mules, are employed daily, during the three summer months, in bringing wood from a valley twelve miles distant.

Some fellow-sojourners at the Hospice spoke of a narrow escape from a probably fatal accident, which they had experienced on their journey thither by the same route as ourselves. A mule, that was either blind, or had been frightened, came rushing down the road along which they were driving; it blundered against the startled horses, who backed in their fear; and, before the driver had time to dismount and seize the bridle, the near hind wheel of the carriage was over the edge of a precipice. Evidently those people who find a "soupçon" of danger an agreeable variety in life need not despair of meeting with it if they chance to travel by the Great Saint Bernard Pass; notwithstanding the fact that its scenery is, for the greater part, wanting in grandeur and sublimity.

The interior of the Hospice, and the general management, we considered much to resemble an ordinary Swiss hotel, a little out of the beaten track. Tales of cells warmed with braziers, and the presence of other mediæval paraphernalia, may be at once dismissed as entirely fabulous. There is, however, no fabrication with regard to the statement that nothing approaching a demand is made for payment. We had to enquire where we should find the box, mentioned by Baedeker, in which to place our indemnities; and this part of the arrangements is so little emphasized that the customary receptacle for offerings in the church was employed for the purpose. Baedeker sternly refers to the circumstance that these contributions are not at all commensurate with the number of guests entertained: it was therefore a relief to discover through the visitors' book that a very small proportion of the names were English. We had determined, after our signatures therein, to record some remark to the effect that we esteemed it a privilege to be allowed to visit such a deeply interesting place. But this desire lessened, and then quite passed away, as we perused the panegyrics of our countrymen, and especially of our countrywomen. We felt we could never hope to surpass, or even to equal, such a sentence as "Many, many thanks to the dear, good, pious monks of Saint Bernard, for etc., etc., etc."

The library and museum of the Monastery would not, I think, be considered of much note if it were situated in a more commonplace spot; but interest is attached to a small portion of the contents, and also to various

objects in other parts of the building, on account of their being the gifts of visitors. Amongst these presents there are a piano, an harmonium, and several pictures. Many of the donors are notabilities, and it is gratifying to our insular patriotism to find that the greater number appear to be dwellers in our sea-girt home. We may abuse our country, its institutions and its inhabitants, for eleven months out of the twelve; but we are intensely English during the one month we are on foreign soil, and oftentimes feel we should rather like to hear any one speak slightly of our native land, that we might have an opportunity of utterly disproving their assertions, by our unanswerable statements respecting its perfections.

In the early morning, before leaving our comfortable beds, we heard the monks chanting their matins. As we listened, and remembered the historic roof under which we had awakened, we thought of Longfellow's beautiful, though hackneyed, words:

At break of day as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

## SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

TEN years ago there was a great stir in Penzance. That was nothing unusual. The plucky little town at the end of all things feels bound to assert its vitality by an amount of concerts, and readings, and exhibitions, and such like, which would startle most inland towns. But the 1878 affair was something out of the common. It was Davy's centenary, and Davy was Penzance's most famous—her only very famous—townsman. So, in the prim-looking Saint John's Hall, where granite is displayed in unadorned solidity, were collected machines of all kinds, safety lamps of course, and, besides, electric apparatus, chemical ditto, everything down to the telephone and the microphone, then in their robust babyhood. Moreover, there was a statue to be unveiled at the head of Marketjew Street—puzzling name. "Thursday Market" seems the common-sense interpretation. How it was altered to Marazion—which Kingsley absurdly explained as "the bitterness of Zion," and fathered on an imaginary Jewish colony, forced to work in the tin-mines—is an etymological riddle. Altogether,

Penance was "off its head" for a week or more; and no one can say that Sir Humphrey did not deserve it all.

There have been other Davys. One Adam Davy was a post-prophet, such as there were many of in the Middle Ages. He was rash enough to prophesy, when Edward the Second was very young, that that weakest of Kings should become Emperor of Christendom. Other poems he wrote, popular in their day, for he says: "I am well-known both at Stratford at Bow, where I am marshal, and everywhere." All the other Davys are quite modern; the Suffolk antiquary died less than forty years ago; the composer, author of the "Bay of Biscay," Braham's famous song, died in 1824. This Davy is an instance of how "patronage"—now a thing of the past—often worked for good. Son of a poor girl, by an unnamed father, he so profited by the lessons of her brother—the harmonious blacksmith of Upton Helions, near Exeter—that before he was five he could play any tune after once or twice hearing it. He astonished Carrington, the rector, by hanging up an octave of horseshoes, and with an iron rod playing the Crediton chimes. Carrington set him down to the harpsichord, and introduced him to the Reverend R. Eastcott, an Exeter amateur, who articulated him to Jackson, the cathedral organist. He would probably have succeeded Jackson had he not become stage-stricken, and moved to London. Here, for a quarter of a century, he supplied the theatres with the light English opera music then in fashion; writing also songs—"May we ne'er want a Friend," "Just like Love," etc.—all forgotten, except the immortal "Bay of Biscay;" and alas! drinking so hard, that he died penniless in a wretched lodging.

A possible relation of his was Davy, the Exeter grocer, who turned lawyer, defended the woman who was going to be hanged through Elizabeth Canning's perjury, got a man acquitted whom the Duke of Marlborough charged with felony under the infamous "Black Act," and rescued the negro Sommersett from slavery, using the well-known words: "It has been said this air is too pure for a slave to breathe it. I trust I shall here have proof of this assertion." "No lawyer," he was a first-rate cross-examiner, and good, too, at a retort. Thus, when Lord Mansfield said: "If this is law, I must burn all my books."

"Your lordship had better read them first," replied Davy.

And again, when the same Judge wanted to hold a sitting on Good Friday, Davy shut him up by suggesting: "No Judge has done so since Pontius Pilate."

Cynically greedy, he was accused of taking silver, and thereby disgracing the profession.

"Yes," he replied, "I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

Less famous, but a great man in Cambridge in his day, was the Norfolk Davy, Master of Caius College, whose bitter partisanship in vetoing the setting up by the university of a statue to Pitt, led to the foundation of the Pitt scholarships, and the building of the Pitt Press. Pitt's friends, finding the university would not raise a statue, subscribed so largely that there was money enough for the statue, and the scholarship, and the grand building into the bargain. One more Davy must be mentioned before we come to the great man of the name, the Tavistock man who, after taking his B.A. at Balliol, Oxford, in 1766, lived nearly sixty years curate of Lustleigh at forty pounds a year. He was as choice a sample in one way of the shameful unfairness of Church patronage, as his namesake the Norfolk physician was in another. The latter, while Master of Caius College, was made Rector of the golden living of Cottenham and Prebendary of Chichester, simply for political services, by the very men who in 1827 were fighting (as they said) the battle of reform against jobbery. The poor curate was afflicted with a desire to print his voluminous "System of Divinity." He got a long list of subscribers for his first six volumes, but so many forgot to pay their subscriptions that he found himself over a hundred pounds in debt to his printer. Besides, the manuscript had grown to twenty-six volumes! So Davy made a new kind of press after a design of his own, bought some old type, printed a specimen volume of three hundred and thirty pages, and sent copies to the university libraries, the reviews, etc. Scarcely any one even acknowledged his present, though the "British Critic" gave him a very honourable notice. Archbishop Moore, Bishop Porteous of London, and three successive Bishops of Exeter—Ross, Buller, Courtenay—declined to accept a dedication. Bishop Buller would not even look at his specimen volume. But Davy



was not to be discouraged. He taught his servant-girl to "compose" the types, and, having fourteen copies left of his specimen volume, he actually printed fourteen of each of the remaining twenty-five volumes of five hundred pages each; a complete set of which, Sir R. H. Inglis says, is one of the most interesting specimens of typography in the British Museum. It shows what skill, industry, and perseverance, continued through nearly twenty years, could accomplish. Davy printed in the same way a volume of extracts from his "Magnum Opus," and got it published at Exeter; and at last patronage came. Bishop Pelham gave him, in 1825, the vicarage of Winkleigh; but Davy was eighty-three, and only held his benefice five months. He was as great in his way as Sir Humphrey was in his. Besides making a printing press, he invented the plan of a diving bell for raising the property out of the Royal George, and took it to Portsmouth. It was adopted and successfully used by Government; but Davy never got a penny, not even his travelling expenses.

And now for Humphrey, son of Robert Davy, a Penzance wood-carver, who owned a little family estate at Ludgvan. Robert's wife was one of the old Millett family, through whom her kinsman, Tonkin, a retired Penzance surgeon, took little Humphrey under his charge. He was a precocious boy, fond of reading, fonder still of gathering a crowd of his schoolfellows and giving them lectures—on "The Pilgrim's Progress," or on the ballads of the district—from a cart in the market-place. He got punished for neglecting his tasks; but, as he says in his magniloquent way, "the applause of my companions was my recompense."

Humphrey developed quite early the invaluable faculty of picking other men's brains. Quaker Dunkin, a Penzance saddler, who had made himself an electrical machine and voltaic piles, etc., turned the pliant boy from folk-lore to science. The two used to take walks, versatile Davy giving half his mind to making love-verses—he was sweet seventeen—and the other half to discussing the materiality of heat so doggedly that Dunkin once cried out: "I tell thee what, Humphrey, thou art the most quibbling hand in a dispute I ever met with." By-and-by, when he was a great man, Davy reproduced at the Royal Institution some of the experiments he had learned from Dunkin, that for instance which showed heat generated by motion

from rubbing together two plates of ice, the plates freezing into one as soon as the motion was stopped.

Meanwhile Tonkin, who had adopted his orphaned mother and her sisters—the parents both died in one day of malignant fever—determined that the boy should follow his profession, and apprenticed him on his father's death to Borlase, the chief Penzance surgeon. He soon began to meet scientific people—Dr. Edwards, Chemical Lecturer at Saint Bartholomew's, who had a house at Hayle; James Watt's son, who, wintering at Penzance for his health, lodged with Mrs. Davy; and Dr. Beddoes, of the "Pneumatic Institution," at Bristol, who offered to make him superintendent of his laboratory. Davies Gilbert it was who had shown Beddoes Davy's "Young Man's Researches on Heat and Light." But Tonkin said: "No; you're on a groove, you'll be a fool if you strike off from it;" and when Davy determined to go, his disappointed benefactor altered his will. "I still mean to go to Edinburgh and take my M.D., by-and-by," pleaded Davy; but he never went.

His "Researches," published in the "West Country Collections," excited much attention; and after working hard with Beddoes at Bristol, and so nearly killing himself by trying to breathe carburetted hydrogen, that after some hours in the open air he could only faintly whisper, "I don't think I shall die," and injuring his mucous membrane by inhaling dose after dose of laughing gas, he was called to London to the "Institution for Diffusing Knowledge"—the "Royal"—founded in 1799 by Count Rumford. Dr. Garnett, the first lecturer, broke down in health; and Secretary Rumford offered Davy the assistant lectureship, and the run of the laboratory, and a hundred pounds a year. This was the turning-point in his life. His lectures—among them, in 1802, one on "making profiles by the agency of light on nitrate of silver, J. Wedgwood's invention," the germ of photography—became the rage. Everybody thronged to them, the laughing gas being an extra attraction.

Versatile, as usual, Davy "wrote off in two hours" a prologue to Tobin's "Honey-moon," just to show that science had not quenched his love of poetry. Very soon the Royal Society made him a Fellow, and the Dublin Society followed suit, and his salary at the Institution was raised to four hundred pounds. He now went largely in for galvanism, trying to decompose phos-

phorus, and succeeding (1806) in decomposing soda and potash, thus discovering the two "metals" sodium and potassium. But J. G. Children, a famous scientist in his day—though not on the line that leads to fortune—had a bigger battery than that of the Institution. Davy's managers, therefore, raised money and formed a monster battery of two hundred piles, each of ten double plates in porcelain cells, each plate containing thirty-two square inches. With this Davy proved that chlorine is an element, and that by mixture with hydrogen it makes muriatic acid; and was, in consequence, fiercely attacked by the whole chemical world. In 1807 the French Institute awarded him the three thousand francs prize for galvanic experiments, founded by First Consul Napoleon; but he failed to decompose nitrogen, which he "hoped to show as a complete wreck, torn to pieces in different ways," and he nearly died of malaria caught in attempting to disinfect Newgate. He failed, too, in ventilating the House of Lords; but his failure was no check to his fame. He was straightway knighted by the Prince Regent, and netted nearly two thousand pounds by three courses of lectures in Dublin.

His marriage followed (1812), with the widow of poor young Shuckburgh Apreece, who died before his father, Sir Hussey Apreece. She was heiress of Kerr of Kelso, "a Kerr cousin of mine," as Sir Walter Scott expressed it, and had been for her five years of widowhood a society queen in Edinburgh. Young, wealthy, fresh from the Continent—where she had known Madame de Staël, and was said to be the original of "Corinne"—she had all the literary lions at her feet, "a venerable professor stooping in the street to tie her bootlace." In London she met Davy, and was married at her mother's house in Portland Place by the Bishop of Carlisle. On Davy's side it was a love match. Two months after he dedicated to her his "Elements of Chemical Philosophy," "as a pledge that he should under her auspices continue to pursue science with unabated ardour."

But he didn't. The lady was an aristocrat, and objected to trade, and Davy had to write some very unworthy letters, protesting that his connection with the "Ramhurst Gunpowder Company," in which he, and Children, and Burton, were partners, was simply that of a scientist giving gratuitous advice.

The pair soon went abroad, taking

Faraday, whose genius Davy had found out, and whom he had installed as assistant in the Institution laboratory. But Lady Davy made Faraday's life a burden to him. She, the idol of lairds, and law-lords, and professors, to have to consort with a quite common fellow! He ought to have his meals with the courier. Snubbing Faraday—whose simple nature could not wholly shield him—became her sport. "Her temper," he says, "made it oftentimes go wrong with me, with herself, and with Sir Humphrey." For Davy, however, the journey was a success. "The Philomaths" met in full force to welcome the great scientist—Ampère, Chevreuil, Cuvier, and Humboldt amongst them; and during the dinner, Ampère told Davy how Courtois had just discovered iodine, and gave him a specimen. He was made a member of the Imperial Institute, and, when he got to Italy, was admitted to the laboratory of the *Accademia del Cimento*. At Pavia, Volta—of the voltaic pile—met him in gorgeous Court dress. When he saw a dusty, travel-stained Englishman in an old overcoat, he could not believe it was the great man, and forgot all the speech that he had prepared for the occasion.

On Davy's return (1815), Dr. Gray asked him to see if he could not do something to prevent the loss of life in coal-mines. He got a sample of fire-damp, and found "it would not explode in tubes of a small diameter." Now wire gauze is an assemblage of very short tubes; therefore Davy put wire gauze round his lamp, with the result that the explosive gas passed in through the wires and exploded inside, while the explosion could not pass out. Here again Davy's lucky star helped him. His lamp is not a bit better, in several respects worse, than those of Dr. Clanny and George Stephenson; but everybody cried up the Davy lamp, and in 1816 the coal-owners raised one thousand eight hundred pounds and a service of plate, "to show distinctly the real opinion of the coal trade as to the merit of the invention." One would like to have the real opinion of the miners on the point. It would perhaps be too much to say that the Davy lamp has increased the number of accidents; it has certainly not minimised them. Any one who has tried to do any work by such a lamp must feel that it is at once condemned. Of all the fifty or more kinds exhibited at the Penzance Centenary, it shows the least amount of light. The workman, unless

he has owl's eyes, is obliged every now and then to open the wire and so throw a little light on the subject. This is the history of many an explosion. The use of the lamp threw the men off their guard; and then some one bared his flame, forgetting that there was no charm in the lamp when divested of its wire gauze casing. The coal-owners took it as a boon, for the simple reason that it saved their pockets. It is very much cheaper to insist on every man carrying a Davy lamp, even if you have to buy it yourself, than it is to thoroughly ventilate your mine, and light it with electric light, and thereby to make fire-damp explosions almost impossible.

The lamp won Davy a baronetcy, and the Rumford Medals of the Royal Society. This was his last famous work; his attempt, on a second visit to Italy, to unroll Herculanean papyri was a failure. He did a little partial unrolling; but he and his fellow-workers did not get on well, and he pronounced the work "a waste of public money, and a compromise of our own character."

In 1820 Sir Joseph Banks died, and Davy succeeded him as President of the Royal Society. He was much worried by quarrels between the Royal Institution and the Society, and most of his scientific work on the condensation of gases, the relation between electricity and magnetism established by Oersted, devolved on Faraday. Davy, however, had to investigate a subject on which Government appealed to the Royal Society. The copper sheathing of our ships decayed with terrible rapidity; could science find out any means of stopping the waste? Davy's mind had been turned to the subject when he was quite a lad by the condition of the Hayle flood-gates, where the copper and iron corroded rapidly under the action of sea water—galvanic, though Davy then knew nothing of that. Davy's remedy for the ships was a series of zinc studs. It was found that a bit of zinc as big as a pea preserved a surface of forty to fifty square inches. But the remedy turned out worse than the disease; the bottoms, thus saved from oxidising, became far more than before "fouled" with shell-fish of all kinds, to the detriment of their sailing powers. So a compromise was made; the zinc protectors were used in harbour, and taken out when the ships sailed; till in 1828, to Davy's great disgust, the plan was wholly abandoned.

His health suffered. The sheathing business worried him. He had a stroke, and was sent to Italy to winter. He stayed abroad a full year, at Ravenna till April, and then among the Alps. Returning to Park Street, he soon complained of want of power, and began longing for "the fresh air of the mountains." However, he found energy to put together his "Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-fishing," a work by which he is more widely known than by any of his scientific treatises. The next spring he left England, never to return. In February, 1829, he writes from Rome: "Would I were better; but here I am wearing away the winter, a ruin among ruins."

He did not, however, give up work, experimenting on the torpedo (not our torpedo, but the electric eel), and also writing his "Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher." His brother, John, the army doctor, who wrote "An Account of the Interior of Ceylon," and also "The Angler and His Friends" (for he was as keen a fisher as Humphrey), and who had been with him through most of his sojourns abroad, says the book was finished just as the power of writing left him. He then dictated a letter on the torpedo, and one to John: "I am dying, come as quickly as you can." John was in time, and saw his brother next day deeply interested in dissecting a torpedo. He suggested mountain air, and they left Rome on the twentieth of April, and took five weeks getting to Geneva. But the journey was too much; Davy died the day after his arrival. His wife was with him. She had come to Rome at the end of March. Her own life was prolonged to 1855, by which time the lively brunette, whom Sydney Smith called "as brown as a dry toast," had become "haggard and dried up," though she kept to the last her great physical activity and her love of London gaiety. Humphrey and John were deeply attached. The service of plate given by the coal-owners was left to John, "if he is in a condition to use it;" if not, it was to be sold to found a prize medal. To this purpose John Davy devoted it, and the Royal Society's prize for the best chemical discovery in Europe or America was founded with the proceeds. "He was not only one of the greatest but one of the most benevolent and amiable of men," is the verdict on Sir Humphrey of one who knew him well, and was not given to flatter. We may better describe

him as a courtly man, helped much by what for lack of a better name we call "luck," which threw him in the way of powerful friends, and thus gave him an advantage over men not less gifted than himself.

#### "THE NORWAY SHEEP."

THE fierce wind breaking from his bonds comes roaring from the west ;  
On every long, deep rolling wave the white horse shows his crest  
As if a million mighty steeds had burst their masters' hold ;  
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

The storm-drum shows its warning sign ; the sea-gulls swoop and cry ;  
The fleecy clouds are driven fast across the stormy sky ;  
Along the sands the fresh foam-gouts in ghastly sport are rolled ;  
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

Wistful the fisher seaward looks, out from the great stone pier,  
Wistful he stands, the breakers' call along the cliffs to hear ;  
To hear across the flowing tide, the ceaseless rock-bell tolled,  
While fast and fierce the Norway sheep are coming to the fold.

"The wife and bairns will get no bread from yonder sea," he thinks,  
As his idle coble by the staithes strains at its cable's links ;  
Small use to bait the lines, or see the broad brown sails unrolled,  
When the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

"God guard the ships at sea to-night," the stern old sailors say,  
Straining keen eyes across the waste of heaving, tossing spray,  
Recalling many a bitter night of storm and dread of old,  
When the wild white sheep of Norway were coming to the fold.

Oh ! there is many an aching heart, here in the red-roofed tower,  
As wives and mothers hear the blast come wailing from the down ;  
Who knows what tale of death or wreck to-morrow may be told ?  
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

#### A SEPTEMBER GHOST.

##### A COMPLETE STORY.

"My good woman," I said, struggling hard to control my temper, "these letters are of the greatest importance ; they must be taken to Walthamthwait Manor to-night."

But, although I spoke in my most autocratic manner, in my heart of hearts I knew that she, not I, was the mistress of

the situation. I think she knew it too, judging by the gentle, deprecating way in which she smiled ; a woman never looks so like a reed as when possessed of power, and bent on using it.

"These letters must be taken to Walthamthwait Manor to-night," I repeated emphatically.

"Certainly, sir ; I make sure when the master comes home he will lend you the mare," the farmer's wife replied gently. She was a Berkshire woman, and her soft Southern accent came to me as a welcome relief, after a day spent in a vain endeavour to understand the strange, semi-Gaelic dialect of the Dalers.

"But you say you don't know when he will come ; perhaps not to-night."

"Why, sir, you see it all depends on them sheep, and sheep are the most unreckonable of creatures. If the master has sold them all I'm pretty sure we shall see him to-night ; though he might go on to Pateley for the market," she added meditatively.

"There now, you see yourself we cannot rely upon him ; I must find a messenger. Have you no man about the place ?"

The woman shook her head.

"Then there is no help for it ; I cannot walk a step further, so your son must go," I said, pointing to a lad about eighteen who was lounging on the settle.

Mrs. Metcalf shook her head more decidedly than before.

"Of course I will pay him for going," I added impatiently.

"It's not that, sir, Jim would go, and gladly too, just to oblige you, if it was anywhere else ; but not to the Manor, sir, to-night. Why, it is almost dark already."

"But it is not more than five miles, you say, and a great fellow like that cannot mind the darkness."

"Not to the Manor, sir ; anywhere else you like—but not to the Manor. Jim shall not go to the Manor to-night."

That was all she would say ; and my prayers, entreaties, bribes, and threats were alike powerless to move her from her resolve. The more I stormed the more gentle she became, but with the inflexible gentleness of one who was determined at any cost to protect her own from danger.

On the first of September—it was then the twentieth—my brother and I had come down into Yorkshire on a walking tour. Frank was more active than myself, but we had stuck faithfully together until the previous day, when, his patience being



exhausted by the time I took vainly endeavouring to make a sketch of the Brimham rocks, he had set off alone into Craven, to Walthamthwait Manor, which some cousins of ours had taken for the season; and there I had arranged to meet him after a day's rest at Pateley.

At Pateley, however, I found a budget of letters, and amongst them one from the Admiralty, summoning Frank back to his ship. As the letters had been waiting some days, no time was to be lost; and hearing from the innkeeper that Walthamthwait was within an easy walk, I set out. My road lay up Nidderdale, and round by Great Whernside, but either the landlord's idea of distances varied considerably from mine, or else I must have lost my way, for after passing Middlesmoor I wandered for hours in an almost uninhabited region, and then learned at a little wayside farmhouse that I was still five miles from the Manor. The farmer's wife received me most hospitably, and offered me a bed, which, as I was thoroughly worn out, I should have been most thankful to accept, if only I could have found some one to carry the letter to Frank.

I took the woman into my confidence, thinking that, if she realised my difficulty, she would be the more ready to help me. She listened to my story with a sympathy that was quite touching. "If only the old mare were at home," she kept saying; but none the less was she resolved that Jim should not go to the Manor that night; nor could she give me any hope of finding either a horse or a messenger on the way.

"There's not a house between here and the Manor," she said, with a queer little glance at her son; "and if there was, nobody would live in it. Now, sir, just be reasonable. You look real down tired. Have a bit of supper now, and you will feel better. If the master comes home you can have the mare, and if not, Jim shall take the letter over betimes in the morning."

There was nothing else to be done, so I was obliged to submit, although resolved that, if the farmer did not return by nine o'clock, I must set out for the Manor on foot. The woman's obstinacy had excited my curiosity. Although the house was clean and neat, there were signs of poverty on every side; it could only be a very strong reason, I thought, that made her thus prevent her son's earning a couple of sovereigns by a five miles' walk.

She tried to avoid the subject, but, after a good deal of questioning, she confessed that the road to the Manor was "uncanny." This idea amused me not a little; I had thought that all these old superstitions vanished when railways were invented. But then, of course, even railways are things unknown at Walthamthwait.

"If you had seen all I have, you would be less inclined to laugh, sir," Mrs. Metcalf remarked reproachfully.

I apologised for my untimely mirth, and soon, as I sat there listening idly, the woman launched into all the details of the tragedy that must, she said, make that road for ever uncanny.

Mrs. Metcalf, the daughter of a small Berkshire farmer, had, when quite a girl, come down to the Manor as maid to Lady Barchester's two daughters. Her mother had been a Craven woman, and before her marriage, Lady Barchester's maid. Judging by the tone of real affection with which the woman spoke of them, her young mistresses must have been kindly, good-hearted girls, although their mother was evidently a Tartar. She was a genuine Daler, born and bred in Walthamthwait, and never leaving it until she married Sir Frederick Barchester, a fast young officer who, having come North on a shooting-party, fell in love with the beauty of Craven, married her, and took her to his Southern home. The marriage does not seem to have proved a happy one, for when, a few years later, Lady Barchester returned to her father's house a widow, she, who had left it a bright, winsome girl, had become a fierce, hard woman, whose hand was against every man, and, as she believed, every man's hand against her. She brought with her her two little girls, whom she loved with such jealous passion that, if they smiled at any one but her, even at her own father, she would frown with anger.

These two girls grew up at the Manor, entirely cut off from the world, until the elder was nearly nineteen, when their father's relations interfered, and insisted upon their being taken into society befitting their rank. Lady Barchester made a gallant struggle to keep her children for herself alone, and, at the end, it was only the fear that they should be taken from her entirely, that induced her to accompany them to town for the season.

The two Northern heiresses created quite a sensation in London, and little wonder, for, according to the portraits Mrs. Metcalf

showed me, they must both of them have been undeniably beautiful. The younger of the two was a brilliant brunette, who, if one may judge by faces, had inherited her mother's determination, if not her jealous temper; the elder was cast in a gentler mould. She was one of those tall, willowy girls who look as if a gust of wind would blow them away. Her face was wonderfully lovely, with large, piteous blue eyes, which seemed as if they were appealing—appealing, too, in vain—for sympathy to those around. By the strange magnetism of contrasts it was the gentle Dorothea, not the more brilliant Kathleen, who was her mother's favourite child.

When, at the end of the season, the Barchesters returned to the Manor, Kathleen was betrothed to the great catch of the year, Sir Lionel Foster, the owner of large estates in Craven, and a member of a good old Northern family. Lady Barchester, far from being elated at her daughter's good fortune, grieved over it as a calamity. She did not hold with marrying and giving in marriage, and openly declared that, if Sir Lionel had not been a Dalesman, he should never have married her daughter. Dora, too, had found a suitor, a young artist, whose father, the leading Queen's Counsel of his day, owed his fortune and fame entirely to his own ability.

Mrs. Metcalf, much as she deplored the fact of Arthur Dacre's being only "a painting fellow and of no sort of family," was forced to confess that he was a fine, handsome young man, who had already made a mark in his profession, and was, as she styled it, "very much thought of in London;" but as she naively remarked, "if the King upon his throne had asked for Miss Dora in marriage, her mother would have rejected him with scorn;" so there was little hope for one who combined the obnoxious attributes of parvenu, artist, and Southerner. Lady Barchester seems to have been determined that no one should come between this daughter at least and herself. The young artist did not take the contemptuous refusal he received much to heart. Perhaps the fair Dora had found some means of letting him know that she did not share her mother's views, for he coolly wrote and told Lady Barchester that he should renew his proposal when her daughter was of an age legally to decide for herself. This meant that the young people must wait about eighteen months. But Sir Lionel, who was a friend of Mr. Dacre's,

encouraged the match, and took care that his sister-in-law should, from time to time, meet the man she loved.

At length when Dora was twenty-one, she summoned courage to tell her mother that she was resolved to marry Arthur Dacre. A terrible scene ensued, which the girl's strength, already undermined by the silent struggle of the two previous years, was little able to endure; and just as her mother, in a fierce blaze of rage, was calling down the wrath of heaven upon the base-born traitor who had stolen from her her daughter's love, Dora fell to the ground, with blood streaming from her mouth—she had broken a blood-vessel. Lady Barchester's remorse was as passionate as had been her anger, and, ready to make any sacrifice now that her daughter's life was in question, she hastily summoned Arthur Dacre. Unfortunately he was abroad, and nearly a month elapsed before he reached Walthamstow. In the meantime, Dora seemed to have recovered her usual health, and her mother had begun keenly to regret the invitation she had sent.

"The day Mr. Dacre was to arrive was a terrible day for all of us," Mrs. Metcalf said with a sigh. "Sir Lionel rode backwards and forwards between Stony Place and the Manor, trying to persuade my lady to be reasonable; for, at the last moment, she had changed her mind and declared that Mr. Dacre should not see Miss Dora. She, poor thing, was just a picture of misery the whole time. I felt sure they would kill her amongst them. It was settled at last, though not without a terrible hard battle, that Mr. Dacre should stay with Sir Lionel, and from there come over to dine at the Manor. When Miss Dora knew that she was really going to see him, she was like a different being; she laughed, and chatted, and sang as she came and helped me to look through her gowns, for she was bent, she said, upon wearing her prettiest that night. I remember so well, just as we heard the carriage wheels in the distance, she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. 'Annie,' she said, 'look through all my things. I should like to give something to each of you to-night. And please run down with that grey travelling-shawl to Mrs. Roberts. The one she was wearing on Sunday was so thin, there could be no warmth in it. Give her my love, too.'

"Now at the Manor the dining-room

door was never shut, as a heavy curtain hung before the opening. As soon as I knew dessert was on the table, I stole downstairs to have a peep from behind this curtain at my young mistress and her betrothed. There was no one but they and my lady at table. Miss Dora, who was usually so silent and sedate, was beaming with happiness, and laughing and talking gaily, whilst Mr. Dacre seemed to hang on the very words as they fell from her lips; they were all and all to each other, for although from time to time they would turn and make some remark to my lady, it was always with an effort. It was just awful to see my lady! She sat at the head of the table with a scowl as black as thunder upon her face. How them young people could laugh and talk so with her glowering down upon them, I could not imagine. The way she looked made my very blood run cold.

"About nine o'clock a terrible storm came on; I have seen many a bad one in my time, but none so bad as that. Folks don't know what real storms are like until they have lived in these narrow valleys. That night the lightning seemed to play like great tongues of fire around the house, whilst the thunder roared, the wind howled, and the rain fell in torrents. I was too frightened to stay upstairs alone, so I crept down into the hall. As it struck ten o'clock my lady rang the bell, and enquired if Sir Lionel's carriage had not come for Mr. Dacre.

"Sir Lionel's not a gentleman as would send a horse out on such a night," I heard old Thomas, the butler, reply sturdily. "Why, my lady, have ye na seen the lightning? I'd like to see a carriage that could stand in this wind."

"Mr. Dacre," my lady said, in that stately way of hers, "Sir Lionel promised that his carriage should be here by ten o'clock; he has failed to fulfil his engagement; I am afraid you will be obliged to walk to Stony Place."

"Through the open door I could see Miss Dora and Mr. Dacre look at her in blank amazement.

"But, mamma, surely—" Miss Dora began, but her mother cut her short with a gesture.

"I know that young men are not now what they used to be," my lady said, in a voice that made me shudder; it seemed to cut like a sharp knife as you heard it. "And of course there is all the difference in the world between Northerners and

Southerners; but I should have thought that, even for a Southerner, a walk of two miles would scarcely have been counted a hardship."

"Neither of two, nor of twenty, I hope," Mr. Dacre replied with a laugh. "But, in inky darkness, with a storm such as this raging—" he hesitated.

"It is a straight path, you cannot miss it."

"Do you mean, Lady Barchester, that you really wish me to set out in this storm?" he asked indignantly.

"Your invitation, Mr. Dacre, was until ten o'clock. If it is the darkness you are afraid of," my lady added with a sneer, "one of the footmen may accompany you."

"Mr. Dacre's face flushed angrily. 'Thank you, I will not trouble your servant, and, as I am so unwelcome, I will intrude upon you no longer. Good evening, Lady Barchester. Good-bye, Dora. Don't let this trouble you, darling,' he aded, lowering his voice. 'I shall see you to-morrow.'

"He walked to the door, which old Thomas opened most unwillingly. A violent gust of wind dashed the men across the threshold back into the hall, and at that moment a vivid flash of lightning filled the air with flame, whilst the crash of thunder was so loud that the whole building reeled. Miss Dora, who had been standing as one stunned, sprang forward with a shriek:

"Arthur, you shall not go; you shall stay here. Mother, you cannot turn him out. Arthur, darling, say that you will not go."

"And she clung to his arm with piteous entreaty.

"Be silent, child," my lady said sternly. "Have you no sense of maidenly modesty? Mr. Dacre, must I tell you for the second time you are intruding?"

"He looked at her for a moment, as if strongly tempted to tell her what he thought; then he threw his arms around Miss Dora in one passionate embrace, forced open the hall door, and strode away.

"For Heaven's sake, be careful at that bridge," old Thomas cried after him; and then, turning to my lady, he said solemnly: "Your father, my old master, wouldn't have turned a dog out on such a night as this, my lady. In Craven, a curse rests on them as turns away a guest."

"Miss Dora never closed her eyes that night, but just lay and moaned like a

stricken lamb. It was well on to morning when I fell asleep myself, and when I awoke she was standing by my bedside, very white, but quite calm and determined.

"'Annie, please dress quickly,' she said. 'I am going to Stony Place, and you must come with me. I will not stay another day in a house where he is not welcome.'

"By eight o'clock we were on our way. It was a lovely morning; the storm seemed to have swept from the earth all that was not beautiful and sweet. My mistress talked away quite calmly as we walked. She told me she should stay with her sister and Sir Lionel until she was married.

"'It will only be a week or two now,' she said with a smile and a faint flush, and that then she would go to London and I was to go too.

"Now, at about half-a-mile from the Manor, there is a little stream which separates the park from the meadows. I call it a stream, and so it is in a usual way; in summer, even you may ford across it, although, after heavy rain, it swells out into quite an important river. You will see it, sir, as you go to the Manor—just at the park entrance; there is no lodge at this side. In those days there was an old-fashioned wooden bridge that the gentlefolks set great store by, and artists used to come from all around to sketch. As we drew near I noticed that the river was more swollen than I had ever seen it before, and also that something was wrong with the bridge. One of the shafts that supported it had been washed away and had dragged down with it the little hand-rail. I was just wondering what we should do, for it is a long way by the road to Stony Place, when my mistress suddenly sprang from my side, and, with one bound, was at the brink of the river. What followed, sir, to this day I never rightly knew. I heard a shriek—oh, Heavens! I can hear that shriek still; it was more like the cry of a wounded animal than of a human creature—and saw Miss Dora jump into the river. She fell just in the middle, where the current was most strong, and in a second she was carried away by the force of the stream far beyond my reach. Some men were working in a field near, and heard my cries; but they were too late. Miss Dora was dead long before they reached her."

The woman stopped to dry her tears.

"What could have induced her to commit so wild a deed?" I asked.

"Ah, sir! she had cause enough for what she did, as I saw when I came back to the stream; for there, on the further bank, Mr. Dacre was lying, white and ghastly, with a terrible wound in the side of his head. He must have been on the bridge when it fell, for the doctor said he was not drowned—I myself saw that his face was out of the water—but died from hitting his head against a stone. Miss Dora must have caught sight of him and tried to spring across the river to his side."

"What became of Lady Barchester?"

The woman shuddered as she replied: "The news that something was wrong must have reached her, for we had just taken the poor young gentleman out of the water and laid him on the grass when I saw my lady coming towards us. She came quite close and stood for a moment looking down at him with such a strange, fierce look, almost as if she was glad he was gone. When her eyes fell on me, she asked angrily what I was doing there, and bade me go and see to my young mistress.

"'She must know nothing of this,' she said sternly. 'Do you understand? I forbid you to tell her a word of this,' and she turned towards the house; but the plank of wood on which her dead daughter was lying barred her way. We were all on the soft grass, and had never heard the footsteps of the men who were carrying it. It was terrible to see the dead faces of those two poor young things; but their faces were nothing to my lady's. When I am alone the awful look that came over her when she saw Miss Dora lying before her, haunts me sometimes, even now. She stood perfectly still, just as if she were in a dream; and not one of us dared to move. Then Sir Lionel rode up. Some one must have told him what had happened, for he was white as death. My lady looked at him for a moment and then said quietly, but in a voice that seemed to come from far-off hollow caves: 'Lionel, I killed him, so God has killed her,' and then she turned and walked to the house with her usual stately gait.

"The men that were carrying Miss Dora and Mr. Dacre followed her slowly, we all walking behind them. My lady must have gone more quickly than we, for when we reached the broad avenue she was already out of sight, and just as we crossed the threshold of the Manor House, the report of a gun rang through the air. My lady had shot herself."



"But what has all this to do with Jim's not being able to take my letters?" I asked, after a long pause during which the good woman had in some degree recovered her composure.

She looked at me for a moment as if she thought I must be singularly lacking in intelligence to ask such a question, and then said solemnly: "It is the twentieth of September, sir, to-day; twenty-seven years ago to-night that poor young gentleman died by the Manor Park bridge. He will be there to-night."

I had no time for further discussion, so prepared to start at once in spite of all Mrs. Metcalf's entreaties that I would not tempt fate by trying to cross the bridge that night. "That poor young gentleman will be there," she repeated again and again.

"I only hope he may," I replied with a laugh, as I wished her good-night.

I set out for the Manor, philosophising as I went, on the strange persistency with which old superstitions still linger on in the North. "There is a fine field for a School Board here," I muttered, with a sniff of scorn. "How can people in this our day be capable of such folly?"

All my life I had had a peculiar contempt for so-called psychic experiences, being firmly convinced that in every case they were the inventions of impostors, or the ravings of hysterical women. So far did my antipathy go, that I had given up taking my favourite newspaper simply because it would persist in recording the sayings and doings of the Psychical Society. If, when I started for the Manor, any one had asked me whether I believed in ghosts, I should have regarded the question as a stupid joke, so convinced was I that no sensible man could do anything of the sort; but, before I was at the end of my journey that night, I was doomed to discover that, even in myself, there were more things than I had dreamed of in my philosophy.

My path lay along a narrow lane, with thick bushes growing on either side, from which, now and then, tall trees raised up their heads. It was one of those nights we sometimes have in September, when light and darkness seem to be playing some fitful, restless game. The moon was a good-sized crescent, and shone with quite a brilliant light, but dark, heavy clouds kept flitting before its bright surface, casting thick darkness on the world. A gentle breeze was blowing, just enough to make the leaves, as they fluttered, moan and coo

as if they had piteous tales to tell if only they could find a listener. Perhaps it was they that recalled to my mind what the farmer's wife had told me. There was something almost grotesque in the thought of this peaceful little valley having been the scene of a tragedy so ghastly—of a young man full of life and bright hopes having met there with such a fate; to die like a dog in a ditch, and all through the obstinate folly of a jealous old woman! I caught myself trying to imagine what Arthur Dacre must have felt that night when driven out into the storm. The air seemed to become suddenly chill, or perhaps my weariness made me exaggerate what was only a natural change in the atmosphere. Be that as it may, I shivered as I dragged my tired limbs along, vainly longing for my journey to be ended. The solitude was almost terrible; there was no sign of human being or human habitation, not even a bird was singing, and when a dead leaf blew against my face I started as if I had received a blow. I pulled myself together and tried to laugh at my own folly; but struggle as I might, the conviction that there was something uncanny about the road forced itself upon me. The silence, broken only by the rustling of leaves, seemed to become more and more unnatural. I tried to whistle, but the weird force with which the trees re-echoed the sound was more trying even than the stillness. The trees, too, began to assume all sorts of grotesque forms and shapes: one great gaunt oak stretched out its arms like a skeleton, seeking to clutch the passers-by; another bore a strange resemblance to a gallows. Just as I was passing this one, something touched my foot—it was only a rabbit running across the path—and my heart began to throb and flutter. "Clearly I have been walking too much, and overstrained myself," I said, but a mocking voice whispered that it was the mind, not the heart, that was affected. "What about the superstitious folly of those Northerners now, eh?" it asked. Could it be that I, the sceptic of sceptics, was disturbed by the remembrance of the stupid prophecy of a garrulous old woman? The thought was too absurd, and I strode manfully on. Still, it was no good denying it, the road was uncanny, and in my life I had never seen such strangely human-looking trees; each one of them seemed to have a theory of its own as to how the sound of my footsteps should be echoed. At

length, just as the inexplicable feeling that had taken possession of me was becoming unbearable, I heard the sound of running waters, which told me that I must be near the bridge. The thought that I had only half-a-mile more to go, gave new life and energy, and I walked rapidly on to the solid stone erection that had replaced the rustic wooden bridge of other days. The park was, as I could see, fenced off from the stream by an iron railing. Just as I was in the middle of the bridge, I had another touch of that queer jerky feeling at my heart, that I had had twice before that night. To this day I don't know why I should have felt the sensation then, for I could swear that, at the moment I did feel it, there was no thought of Arthur Dacre in my mind. I stood still, frightened at the rate my heart was beating, and, as I did so, I noticed something white glimmering close to the railing. What it was I could not tell as the moon was hidden by a cloud; then, I will confess, the remembrance of the tragedy which had been enacted there twenty-seven years before flashed into my mind. My heart beat more spasmodically than before; I was conscious of a strange choking sensation, as if something were pressing tightly around my throat, and I felt an unconquerable reluctance to advancing further until I knew the meaning of that white gleam. In a moment, however, an overwhelming sense of the absurdity of my conduct rushed into my mind, I took one step forward; but at that instant the moon pierced through the cloud that had enveloped it, and shone down with a clear brilliant light, and I saw the white ghastly face of a dead man turned towards me. The wish I had so rashly uttered as I left the farm was gratified: Arthur Dacre stood before me. His body was hidden by the bushes, but his face I saw as clearly as I see this lamp before me now.

I stood as one paralysed. For my life, I could not have moved an inch; my heart seemed to cease beating, and my brain reeled as an unutterable sense of horror—not fear, but something a thousand times more terrible, penetrated my whole being. I would rather face a hundred deaths than experience that feeling again. The figure seemed to motion me to advance, and then, as if it noticed my unwillingness, it uttered a cry so strange in the unutterable piteousness of the sorrow it expressed, that it froze my very heart, and—

I remember no more until I found my-

self lying on the grass, and heard a rough, kindly voice muttering by my side:

"Queer job, this! Lean on me, sir; ye be all right now."

It was Farmer Metcalf, who had ridden after me to offer the loan of his horse.

A serious illness, which my friends attributed to over-walking, was the result of my adventure, and it was a month before I was able to leave Walthamthwait. The day before I started for town, Farmer Metcalf paid me a visit. Evidently the good man had something on his mind. He hummed, and hahed, and twirled his hat for some time in dire confusion.

"I kind o' guess, sir," he at length began, "ye'd had a bit o' a fright that night I found ye lying by the bridge. That white thing, ye know, it give me an ugly turn when I first seed it; but it was nobbut the Squire's white-faced mare that had gotten its head fast in t'iron railings!"

#### CONCERNING PEWS.

IN tracing the history of the many changes which have taken place in the internal arrangements of our old parish churches and chapels during the past fifty years, few things are more noticeable than the rapid disappearance of the old-fashioned square pews.

It was in 1840 that the field was first taken against them by the then Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Musgrave), but it remained for the celebrated Archdeacon Hare to make the first "systematic attack" upon the pew system in one of his charges, wherein they were denounced not only as "eyesores and heartsores," but also as "wooden walls, within which selfishness encases and encages itself." His eloquence produced a powerful effect upon several Bishops and Archdeacons of the Anglican Church Establishment, who soon roused the clergy and the laity of nearly every town and village in England, to join in a crusade bent on the extermination of the pews, and the Cambridge Camden Society and the late Dr. Neale, by the publication of a small tract entitled "Twenty-three Reasons for getting rid of Church Pews," which enjoyed unusual popularity, may be fairly considered to have struck the death blows at their existence.

Wave after wave of reaction and reform passed over the sacred edifices, in which

countless numbers of "these cumbrous, lidless boxes, painted every colour and all colours, these cattleless pens, harbouring in their tattered green baize the dust and corruption of a century," fell before the promoters of church restoration, like the heroes in Homer before Achilles, their places being quickly supplied by rows of neat open benches. Many an old parish clerk still continues to deplore the loss of what, in his "younger days," was always considered the chief ornament of the church, viz., "the Squire's pew," with its handsome brass rods, crimson curtains, often six feet high, together with its large table, stove, and chimney pipe.

The subject of pews presents a very fertile field for antiquarian research, in which the gleaner will be rewarded by the discovery of much curious information. A great deal may be gathered from a careful perusal of visitation articles, injunctions, party pamphlets, plays, trials, satires, and publications of a similar ephemeral character, only to be found in large and valuable libraries, and it is to such sources as these that we must refer those of our readers whose curiosity may be aroused to know more concerning the history of pews than that which could possibly be afforded within the limits of this short article.

Glancing at the etymology of our word pew, anciently spelt "pue," we shall find that it is derived from the Latin word "podium," which originally signified in the Latin of the Middle Ages, "anything leant upon." Another sense of this word, and one from which it has acquired its present meaning, was the "desk" in the stall of a choir. From signifying a desk it came to mean the "seat" generally; and thence, in course of time, an "enclosed" seat or "pue."

The earliest known reference to pews is found in the "Vision of Piers the Plowman," and runs thus:

"Among wives and wowedes ich am ywoned sate y paroked in Puwes," where the word is used of an open seat.

In the will of William Bruges, Garter King-at-Arms, dated February the twenty-sixth, 1449, he expresses his desire to be buried "in the chyrche of Seynt George within Stamford," and after bequeathing to it several pieces of plate, he requests that "the gret framd lying in the gret barne at Kentishton be sold to the most value, and the money rising thereof to be bestowed in 'puyng' of the seyde church." In 1483, among the parish accounts of

Saint Mary-at-Hill, London, there occurs the item, "Certeayne pavynge and mending of 'peues' in the church, £0 7s. 9d." About the beginning of the sixteenth century pews began to be called "stoles," or stools. In 1502 we read that legacies were left for "stolyng" different parts of Swaffham Church, in Norfolk, particularly for making "all the great stolyes of both sydes of the mid alleye" (or aisle). In the parish accounts of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, under date of 1509, we find this item: "Of Sir Hugh Vaughan, Knight, for his part of a pew, 6s. 8d." and again in 1511, of "Knight, the courtier, for his wife's pew, 2s." These accounts of Saint Margaret's parish record also, in 1549, a sum of money "paid to William Curlewe, for mending diverse pews when Dr. Lattymer did preach."

In a scarce tract, entitled "The Voice of the Lord in the Temple," published in 1640, which details the strange accidents occasioned by a thunderstorm on Whit-Sunday of that year, in the parish church of Saint Antony, near Plymouth, it is related that two women sitting in one pew in the chancel were overturned. Now, it appears somewhat difficult, at first sight, to understand how a pew could have been upset; but the circumstance is explained by the fact of the day on which it occurred being Communion Sunday, when it was customary to place "benches" in the chancel, in which part of the church these women were then sitting.

With reference to the stalls in Durham Cathedral, Peter Smart has recorded that Bishop Cosin would not unfrequently say, "even to gentlewomen of the best rank, sitting in their pews: 'Can ye not stand, ye lazy sows?' when the Nicene Creed was sung." That honest old gossip, Samuel Pepys, in his "Diary," under date of February the twenty-eighth, 1664, remarks that, "At Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop of London sat in a pew made a' purpose for him by the pulpit." Here pew is apparently used for the episcopal seat or throne. In a pamphlet published in 1709, we find another instance of the word pew. It occurs thus in a passage of "The Cherubim with The Flaming Sword; or, Remarks on Dr. Sacheverell's late Sermon before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in Saint Pauls:" "If your lordship and Sir Francis had been breaking down the pulpit, overturning the pews, brandishing the City sword, crying out, 'The Pretender! the Pre-

tender!' there had been some cause for alarm." By the pews are evidently meant the benches placed in the middle of the choir.

It will be seen then, that for a period of nearly four hundred years, the word "pew" bore occasionally the sense of bench, and this we venture to think will be conclusively proved by an examination of the following passage from *King Lear*, probably written in 1605, where *Edgar*, as *Mad Tom*, is made to say: "Who gives anything to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame; hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pue."

In some parts of England at the present day, it is not uncommon to hear certain large moveable seats in ale-houses, fitted with a back above and below, to keep out the wind, called by the name of "pues," and there can consequently be no difficulty in understanding the word "pue" in the passage quoted above, to mean an ale-bench, under which halters could easily have been laid.

As showing to how late a period "pue" retained a general signification, it may be mentioned that *Pepys* in his "Diary" for 1668, speaks in one page of a "pue" in *Whitehall Theatre*, and in the next of one in *Greenwich Church*.

It has been asserted by some authorities that square pews existed in our parish churches at a period anterior to the Reformation. This, however, is erroneous; there were then no "pues," no reading desks, often no pulpits to be seen; the old altars for the most part remained; in some instances a table stood lengthways at the east end, and in others was brought down into the chancel or nave. In this latter case the morning and evening services would appear to have been read from it; in the former some have conjectured that a lectern was used, being placed where the minister could best be heard.

We find no traces of any innovation in this practice until 1569, when *Bishop Parkhurst*, in his visitation articles for the Diocese of *Norwich*, orders that "the churchwardens shall provide and support a decent and convenient seat in the body of the church where the minister may sit or stand, and say the whole of the divine service, that all the congregation may hear and be edified therewith."

From that time the practice of employing "a reading-pew," though unauthorised, became yearly more prevalent.

In the beginning of the reign of *King James the First* a convocation had directed that "a convenient seat should be made for the minister to read service in." In 1603 this innovation received his Majesty's official sanction, and the desk thereupon became a fixture.

Here, then, we may date the rise of pews, for, when the parson was accommodated with his pew, the squire, the franklin, and the yeoman each in turn clamoured for theirs, with the result that pews quickly swarmed into the churches like bees into a hive.

About the year 1612 we find in the parish books of *Patrington, Yorkshire*, this account:

"Among the stalls in the middle aisle, *Imprimis*, one grete pue buylded upon ge'rall costes and charges of the pish, wherein the parson, curat, clerk, and singing men, are to syt in time of Divine Service, and the next pue was buylt by *Humfrey Hale*, clerk, for his wyf and children."

After this, the freeholders appear to have erected the "pues" at their own private expense in this church.

It was not long before the fashion of providing pews with locks crept in, since *Bishop Earle*, in giving a description of a "she precise hypocrite," says: "She knows her own place in heaven as well as the pew she has a key to."

Baized pews next became the rage. In 1624, the Puritans, who had been making vigorous exertions on all sides, seem first to have discovered how mighty an agent for their purposes pews might become. A "clerk's pue" was built in *Saint Mary's Church, Ashwell, Herts*, in 1627, and in the following year *Wimborne Minster* was much disfigured with "pues." In 1630, a very costly gallery was erected in the Church of *Saint Peter-le-Poer* in *London*; and about the same time one was erected with a cross seat for catechising children, in *Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch*. Four years afterwards, *Saint John's Church, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire*, was "pued" throughout; and in the neighbouring church of *Saint Milburga, Stoke*, two covered "pues" or "dovecotes," as they were called, were erected.

We come now to the first vigorous opposition to pews, which was made in 1635, by *Matthew Wren*, Bishop of *Hereford*. His action, however, so highly incensed the Puritans, that on July the twentieth, 1640, a charge of high crimes and



misdeemeanours was exhibited by the Commons before the House of Lords against this prelate; the prosecution being conducted by Sir Thomas Widdrington. One, among other charges, was that he had oppressed many poor parishes by making them remove the "pues" from their churches at a vast expense. The conduct of Bishop Wren was, by the House of Commons, declared Arminian and heretical, and he was forthwith stripped of all his preferment and made incapable of holding any other for ever after.

The next prelate who bestirred himself against "the poor pues," was Bishop Williams, who caused their removal from a chapel at Buckden. If we may give any credence to the accounts furnished by some Royalist writers at this time, it would seem that "ye high and close pews" were used for purposes of anything but a devotional character. In a play attributed to the pen of one Brome, a Cavalier, entitled "Love's High Court of Commission," the lover wishes to steal a kiss from his mistress, whereupon she exclaims:

"Fie, sir! I would have you to know that we are not now in our pew!"

It is worthy of notice that between the years 1646 and 1660, scarcely any pews appear to have been erected. A gallery was built, in 1657, in Saint Nicholas Church, Gloucester; and we are told that at Saint Peter's, Paul's Wharf, London, where the Liturgy was used for some time during the Commonwealth, many of the nobility flocked to hear it, and were accommodated with galleries hung with rich Turkey carpets.

With the Restoration of Monarchy, a great alteration was at once effected in the internal arrangement of our churches. At Saint Martin's, Ludgate, in the City of London, in 1660, the pulpit "was removed from where it stood some years previous, all the unhappy time of the war, and quite shaded the Ten Commandments, to the great grief of several good people of the parish." Some cruel parish wit accounted for their grief in the following manner:

The Fifth Commandment did their souls so gall,  
They raised their canting tub to hide them all!

Churches in large towns were now ordinarily "pued" throughout. Sir Christopher Wren endeavoured to withstand the introduction of pews into his London churches, but without success.

At the Revolution, pews began to be objects of admiration, and churches were "re-pued" by wholesale.

Countless notices of pews culled from the writings of this period might be here adduced; but it must suffice to subjoin but one, taken from Dean Swift's "Baucis and Philemon":

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphosed into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

During the eighteenth century, "The Spectator," "The Guardian," and "The Tatler," one and all satirised pews with merciless severity; and in "Sir Charles Grandison," and in the caricatures of William Hogarth, we catch occasional glimpses of the closely "pued" edifices of the Georgian era.

It remains for us to observe that our American cousins have always cherished an affectionate regard for square pews. The Rev. H. Caswall, in his "History of the American Church," states that in his day some of the pews in the Boston churches were actually lined with velvet! We doubt, however, whether in the whole history of English church pews there ever existed such a remarkable contrivance as that described by a writer in one of the numbers of "The North American Review," with whose words we conclude. Referring to the early churches of New England he says:

'The pew seats were made with hinges, so that in prayer time they might be raised up and allow the occupants to lean against the back of the pew. At the close of the prayer they were slammed down with a noise like the broadside of a frigate!'

## RED TOWERS.

By ELEANOR C. PRICE.

Author of "Gerald," "Alexia," etc., etc.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER XVII. NEW STORIES BEGINNING.

CELIA had told Paul that her marriage was to be in a fortnight. The first week of that time flew swiftly by; he was at River Gate, and his happiness was only interfered with by an occasional chill of apprehension: what would Antoinette think of that promise of his? Would she ever understand it all, and forgive him? He did not even confess it to Mrs. Percival till the day he went away, feeling quite sure that she would disapprove. On the

contrary, the tears rushed into her eyes, and she did what she had not done since he was a schoolboy—she kissed him.

His second week, at Red Towers, dragged terribly; he had never known days so long before. Not that he was looking forward to Celia's wedding, which he dreaded heartily; but the uncertainty of the future, the melancholy weeks and months that might pass before he saw Antoinette again—in fact, before Mrs. Percival, who had grown rather severe, would let him see her again—weighed upon him with a leaden dreariness. He could not persuade himself to go out shooting; long walks were awful, with no company but his thoughts; reading was impossible; music made him sadder and more impatient—how he was to struggle through that winter, he did not know; it was a question very hard to answer.

Meanwhile, the fogs had cleared away, and up there at Holm Celia's wedding-day dawned frosty and clear. Her marriage was fixed for two o'clock in the afternoon. Paul had arranged to go up by a train reaching Charing Cross soon after one. He was very restless, and got up that morning earlier than usual, coming down to breakfast in his favourite old study, where red rays of morning sun were just beginning to shine in, and a glorious fire was blazing. In spite of Mrs. Percival's approval, Paul was not at all sure now that he had done right in giving that promise to Celia: sometimes it seemed too frightfully unreasonable; the thought of shaking hands with Vincent, the picture of the whole scene that rose in his mind, were too repulsive. That morning, when he came gravely and slowly downstairs, and grunted some reply to Sabin's cheerful "Beautiful morning, sir," he felt as if a month of penal servitude would be preferable to what he had to go through that day.

As he stood scowling at the fire, reflecting on Celia's sins and his own misery, wondering for the thousandth time whether Antoinette, when she heard of his presence at such a ceremony, would ever recover her surprise, ever again believe in his love and respect for her father, Sabin came in and brought him a telegram. He looked at it rather absently for a moment, for the thought was just crossing his mind: "Celia's doings will be such a shock to her, she won't think of mine. How can it matter to her, after all, what I do?" and this horrid suggestion was worse than any fear of her anger.

However, here was this telegram, whose contents soon, and for ever, drove all such thoughts away.

"Please meet the 11.45 at Paddington. Take her to 24, W— Place. I have telegraphed there. Timms knows. Take her to the church, and then back. Do all you can. Cannot possibly go with her. —F. PERCIVAL."

"Tell Ford to have the dog-cart ready in ten minutes," Paul shouted to Sabin. "I must catch the 9.30 train."

After all, Ford was ready before his master, and he has often boasted since of that morning's drive; he did not think the six miles had ever been done in so short a time before. But the Squire had said, soon after they started: "Look here, Ford; if the horse can't do this, he's useless, and you may sell him to-morrow morning."

Ford was not going to have the horse, a special favourite of his, insulted like that, and would have done the distance in a minute less, if necessary. But his respect for his master was not increased by such a remark. He said afterwards to Barty that the Squire was as ignorant and unreasonable about horses as any woman, always excepting Miss Darrell, to whose short reign Ford looked back with a romantic regret.

The frosty sun might shine at Red Towers, but in London it was dark and foggy enough that day. The great dreary church was lit with gas, early in the afternoon, for Celia's wedding; but the dim, murky atmosphere of the outside world came in and hovered there, making the whole thing even more like a strange nightmare dream.

Paul did not know what Antoinette's thoughts were, though he obeyed Mrs. Percival's telegram, met her and Timms at Paddington, took her to Mrs. Percival's favourite lodgings, came back an hour or two later and drove with her to the church, where he left her and Timms in a seat near the chancel, and walked back mechanically to the door; he knew that Celia expected him to be in attendance upon her. He was not afraid now of what Antoinette might think of him, having a secret consciousness that their feeling on the subject was the same, though she had hardly spoken to him, though the new shock made her face look worn, and strained, and proud; and he was not even sure, after the first moment of the meeting, whether there had been a smile in her eyes as she caught sight of him.

The moments of that dream passed quickly by.

Vincent Percival and some friend of his came in together, and he shook hands with Paul with a sort of nervous grin, muttering:

"Awfully good of you."

Then came Celia, followed by her maid; she had not chosen to ask any one to her wedding. She took Paul's arm without looking at him, and they walked very fast up the church together.

As they approached the chancel he felt her start, and then she whispered, so low that he hardly heard her:

"Is that Antoinette?"

He only answered, "Yes;" and so they went up and stood in their place. The clergyman appeared, and the service began instantly.

That London curate, if he was not too much used to odd experiences to think at all, must have thought it rather a strange wedding party; the singular beauty of the bride, the dark, handsome, melancholy face of the young man who seemed to belong to her, the eager and not very pleasant looks of the bridegroom; the two gazing ladies' maids, French and English, in the background; the slight young girl in black, distinguished, sad, who moved from her place in the church after the service had begun, and came up and stood near the bride, with eyes that seemed to see no one but her. They were the kind of people whose marriages are not generally performed in a corner. Perhaps the bride's grey dress was something of an explanation, if any one cared to look for it.

In the vestry, afterwards, Marie Antoinette Victoire de la Tour-Montmirail signed her name as a witness after Celia's. While she did it, the bride seemed to forget everything else, even the jealous eyes of her husband, as she gazed at the young bending figure, the pale cheek with its flush of excitement. Just five years since, in Paris, Antoinette had stood beside her grandmother at her father's marriage with Celia. The Marquise drew her aside for a moment, and spoke to her in French, very low.

"I did not expect this answer to my letter," she said to her.

"Really?" said the girl, with a sad little smile. "But one must show respect to those one loves—and I must always be proud of you."

"Je te remercie, petite," said Celia, very earnestly. Her eyes looked soft, almost

tearful, as she held both Antoinette's hands; in her manner there was real tenderness. Perhaps in marrying the only man she could ever really love, she was learning more lessons than one. "Will you come back to our hotel?" she said.

Antoinette shook her head. "I am to sleep in W—— Place to-night," she said; "and to-morrow I am going back to Mrs. Percival. I do not think we shall see each other again."

"As you please," murmured Celia. She still lingered a moment, half wistfully, with the child who had trusted her so long. But the signing was all done, and she was conscious that Vincent was impatient. "Good-bye, then, dear child," she said. They kissed each other on both cheeks, and Celia, still holding the girl's hand, turned to Paul and drew her a little towards him.

"Here, take care of her, Paul," she said.

Then she and Vincent were gone; they were hurrying together down the side aisle of the church, out into the fog and cold, and had already forgotten, perhaps, who and what they left behind them, before Paul and Antoinette had followed them half-way down. In another minute, Antoinette too was gone; the carriages had driven away; and Paul was left, with Vincent Percival's friend, standing on the steps of the church. It had seemed better to let her go alone; he had felt her trembling, and had seen that she was on the edge of tears. Old Timms was not stupid, and would be very good to her; but, in fact, Paul felt that he dared not go.

"That was what I call the right sort of wedding," said Paul's companion, approaching him with a pleasant smile. "If all weddings were like that, they wouldn't be so tiresome. Can you tell me who the young French lady was?"

"Mademoiselle de Montmirail," said Paul, rather gruffly.

"Ah! the stepdaughter. She did not disapprove, then. Captain Percival seemed to think that all the relations were more or less cut up."

"It is rather unusual——" Paul began; but then a discussion with this curious stranger became a thing impossible. He muttered something, lifted his hat, and walked off down the street in a great hurry.

He stayed at a hotel that night, and spent it chiefly walking about the room.

He took a cab to W— Place in good time for the morning train to Woolsborough. London was as foggy and depressing as ever, but there was a little pale sunshine in Antoinette's face when she received him. He boldly put Timms into another cab, and drove with Antoinette himself to the station. It was more possible to talk to her to-day than yesterday; she had lost something of that little air of sad dignity which had been grafted that year, somehow, on her happy childishness, itself having something of a child, something that never could last long without the breaking out of smiles. To Paul, in its perfect naturalness and sincerity, it was enchanting; but more enchanting still were the moments when it broke down. Even in her deepest sorrow, the warm young heart could find a smile; and when she was happiest, she had never been heartless.

"How dark and cold!" she said, with a shrug and shiver, as they drove through the monotonous streets.

"Yes," Paul said; "it will be better at Woolsborough. I dare say there's sunshine down in Surrey, too."

"Are you going back to-day?"

"Yes, in an hour or two. Will you tell Mrs. Percival that I have done what I could for you—all that she would let me?"

"Thank you," she said. "You have been very good to me;" and, after a moment, she looked round with a question in her eyes: "Did you think it wrong of me to wish to be there?"

"Do you know," said Paul, without exactly answering this, "ever since I knew that I was going to be there I have wondered if you would think it wrong of me. But I only went because she asked me, and I could not refuse. I did not wish to be there—till this morning."

"I thought," said Antoinette, with a little smile, but speaking so low that Paul could hardly hear her, "that she was his wife, and that he would not wish the people who belonged to him—who loved him—not to stay near her, and take her part, whatever she might choose to do. Of course I think it is dreadful. I will say no more about that. At first it seemed impossible that she could do anything so strange, but then—oh, you will not understand me—I seemed to have

a little dream of him in Paradise, and he called her 'my Célie,' and was very sorry for her; and, you know, the one thing I want is to do the things he would have liked me to do."

"I do understand you," said Paul; and then—sad waste of time—neither of them spoke again till they turned into Paddington Station.

They were only just in time for the train. At the last moment Paul leaned in at the window, and said to her:

"May I come to Woolsborough before very long?"

"Yes!" she said. "But come soon, very soon, or perhaps I shall be gone away."

The ready answer almost discouraged him; but then he remembered what an innocent child she was; and then, as he looked at her, his eyes saying a good deal that he had neither courage, conscience, nor time to say, she flushed suddenly up to her dark hair. She also looked doubtfully at her hand, when it was released at the last second from a grasp very unusual in the experience of a young French lady.

It was not till late in the next summer that Paul Romaine brought his bride home to Red Towers. They had spent their honeymoon at her own old home, La Tour Blanche, where they will certainly spend a good part of every year.

Perfect happiness, perfect trust and freedom have developed in Antoinette all the brilliancy of her race, with its practical good sense as well; and if Paul is, and always will be, much quieter and more thoughtful than his wife, he is not less happy. She knows all his old stories now: his father and mother, his friend Colonel Ward, are hers in the spirit. In spite of their differences, hereditary and personal, these two people understand each other to such a degree that Mrs. Percival sighs, and wonders whether they mean to be in love all their lives.

The Clumber family flourishes still, though Di has gone to the Paradise of good dogs. Jack came home from France to rejoin his relations, and the white curly flock, even old Dick, with a touch of rheumatism, go out walking in the Surrey lanes with Paul and Antoinette. There the curious tourist may meet them, during several months of the year.